JUNE 13
1944

NEW MASSES

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D-DAY V-DAY

This is the beginning of the end. This is the moment of lightning and thunder against the fascists and all their evil works. We will win. We will destroy the Nazi monster's castle and pulverize it to dust. To the boy from Brooklyn, from Sioux City, and from Omaha, to the gallant armies of our allies and to the heroic millions of the underground—we pledge again our undying devotion. Our cause is great. Our cause is just. Let those at home—in every city and town, in every factory and mill—work with the same zeal and courage our fighting men are showing. And with the same united determination. Let us be worthy of this great and fateful turning point in human history.

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Beginning of the End

THE fateful hour of liberation has come. The beginning of the end has arrived. This is the turning point for which all mankind has waited. This is the climactic moment when the whole coalition joins on the battlefield to wipe from the face of Europe the evil that has besmirched it. From east, south, and west our armies are driving hard in the vast assault heralded by the compact of Teheran. To the men who have landed under the roar of guns and are slashing their way across the fire-ridden beaches, to the valiant warriors who are climbing up the Italian peninsula, to the Red Army surging across the Nazi barriers, to the invisible battalions of the underground—to all of them our hearts go out and we cannot say in words what we feel deep inside.

No one can read General Eisenhower's Order of the Day without sensing to the utmost that we are embarked on a great crusade. Big battles still lie ahead. As we write, the news is sparse but its meaning is clear. No longer will we tolerate those corrupt and degrading institutions fathered by fascism. No longer can there be any doubt that it is only through the most intimate collaboration with our friends—the United Nations—that the peace and progress of the world can be secured. The concert of battle action is a measure of the unity we have achieved. In the days to come the spirit of solidarity will strengthen and blossom even more. We are winning this war in a special way. It is the war that brought us together and it is victory that will and must bind us into a single world.

Europe is the scene of the greatest drama. Before many days pass we shall begin to know in exact details how our bayonets are restoring dignity and freedom. We shall hear the stories of men and women emerging from under the shrouds of repression and tyranny to face the sun. This is the revolution of our time—the renaissance of the human spirit and the rational way of life. And more, the onslaught against Nazidom will reverberate throughout the Pacific with the Mikado's dwindling fortunes pushed closer to catastrophe. This is the fruit of a global strategy forged by our leaders against the opposition of that small but powerful minority of political blackguards.

The great cleansing process has begun.

WE AMERICANS have reason to be proud that to us, together with the British, the Russians and the fighters of the conquered countries, has fallen the honor of striking the death-blow at fascism. At the same time for hundreds of thousands of American mothers and fathers and wives D-Day was a poignantly personal experience. By the time this appears some of these mothers and fathers and wives will have lost those who bear their dearest hopes, others will lose them in the course of the fighting—though we do not believe that casualties will be as great as certain pessimists were fond of predicting. These American men and women, who are giving their loved ones that America and all the world may be free, have the right to expect that the whole of America will be giving too.

Now every strike or lockout, or refusal to obey the orders of the War Labor Board, or failure to produce to the utmost is treason to the boys fighting on the flaming beachheads of France.

Every speech, every newspaper or magazine article, whether it appears in a publication of two million or two hundred, that sows distrust of the Commander-in-Chief or of our allies, or suggests a peace short of total victory, or incites race or class strife, or pours the salt of cynicism into the heartache of mothers and fathers and wives, is tantamount to a Nazi bullet in the back of those who are risking everything that even the least of us might be free.

Two months ago NEW MASSES in a series of articles by John L. Spivak warned that a conspiracy was underfoot to exploit the casualties of the second front in a propaganda drive to force a negotiated peace with Germany. Behind this conspiracy stood such figures as Col. Robert McCormick, Gen. Robert E. Wood, Charles A. Lindbergh, Charles E. Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith and their congressional camp-followers. Now in the midst of the European invasion one of the organizations exposed by Spivak, We the Mothers Mobilize for America, Inc., has dared to call a conference in Chicago on June 12 and 13 to push plans for a Hitler peace. Shall we permit these enemy activities to proceed unmolested?

In this supreme hour all Americans, regardless of party affiliation, race, national origin, or religious belief, have but one command: unity behind our Commander-in-Chief, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, to assure the earliest victory over Nazism in Europe and Japan in the Far East—unity to assure that every drop of blood spilled will nourish the seed of an enduring peace. In this spirit let us go forward from D-Day to V-Day—to the rescue of mankind from the torment and savagery of fascism.—*The Editors.*

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WHAT ABOUT CARTELS?

By A. B. MAGIL

TEN years ago the McGraw-Hill Book Co. published a volume entitled *Codes, Cartels, National Planning*, by Bruno Burn in collaboration with S. Flink. A publisher's note described the author as follows: "Dr. Bruno Burn has been active in the field of cartels and trade associations for almost twenty years, during which time he was president of, general manager of, and adviser to a number of German industrial organizations in the textile, paper, motion-picture, lumber, and other industries."

Reading this book today is a curious experience. "A cartel," we are told, "is a voluntary (rarely compulsory by law) contractual association, recognized by law, of independent enterprises engaged in the same field of business, for the purpose of a planned regulation of the market, either in buying, marketing, or production of goods." Furthermore: "By its very nature . . . the cartel as a voluntary association must, wherever necessary, make allowances and concessions to small enterprises if the cartel is to preserve and to increase its membership." In fact, "Actual experience has demonstrated that . . . cartels are of primary benefit to the small enterprises." And, Dr. Burn assured us, "many of the misunderstandings among nations which, in the last analysis, are economic in nature, could be peacefully settled with the aid of international cartels."

All this sounds fatuous today. Yet we should not overlook the fact that it probably made sense to most of the book's readers only ten years ago. For it appeared in the high noon of the NRA; the author, in fact, was highly appreciative of the NRA setup, which he considered a quasi-cartel form that required only further development to fulfill all the potentialities for good inherent in the European cartel system. The idea that cartels were instruments of world stability and peace arose during the first world war and was particularly widespread in the years of the postwar boom. This illusion also seeped into the labor movement via right wing and Social Democratic channels. Kautsky's theory of "ultra imperialism" — which Lenin sharply attacked—and later Bukharin's theory of "organized capitalism" were mere pseudo-Marxist variants of the prevailing peace-through-cartels view.

ALL of which emphasizes how far the pendulum of economic and political thought and of public opinion—in our country at least—has swung the other way. As a people we have during the past two or three years become decidedly cartel-conscious, and the very term "cartel" has become a national cuss-word, a kind of semantic shorthand for the nameless evils that lurk in international business manipulations and haunt the horizons of the post-war world. Everybody these days is against cartels, especially the chief cartel-monopolists themselves. Ralph W. Gallagher, president of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, which was involved in what is probably the most notorious of all the cartel agreements with Nazi firms—that which resulted in the suppression of the buna process for making synthetic rubber — announced on two occasions last year: "I oppose cartels so far as our company is concerned, in any place, with all the vigor I have." Walter S. Carpenter, Jr., president of du Pont, whose cartel arrangements with the German I. G. Farbenindustrie and the British Imperial Chemical Industries were worldwide, replying to a government anti-trust action in January of this year, declared that his company "denies it is now or ever has been a party to any cartel arrangement, using the term cartel in its generally accepted sense."

The public reaction to cartels, while partly a reflection of the anti-monopoly tradition of the past fifty or sixty years, has developed especially as a result of the revelations made before several congressional committees that agreements between large American corporations and foreign, particularly German, firms, acted to hold up our production of strategic war materials such as synthetic rubber, magnesium, beryllium, titanium, aviation gasoline, optical instruments and others, while facilitating Nazi production of these materials. The popular feeling about cartels has a fundamentally healthy core, but unfortunately mere hostility provides no solution for the problems that cartels pose. In fact, blanket condemnation may prove just as barren of positive results as was uncritical acceptance in an earlier period.

It is easy to say, "Destroy cartels," "Smash the cartel system," as do some liberals and some government officials. Such statements serve as an outlet for justified resentment against big business appeasement of fascism, private empires, private tariffs and private treaties that ignore and run counter to the public welfare and the national interest. But these are emotional slogans that avoid the responsibility of offering guides to action. It seems to me we will have to think beyond them, difficult as that may be. It is not my purpose to provide custom-built answers—which I don't possess—but to attempt to clarify the nature of the problem and to suggest certain constructive lines of approach.

FIRST, let us agree on what cartels are. In this country the term is popularly used to describe certain relationships between business enterprises in the United States and in other lands. But before cartels became international, they were organized within the borders of single nations. A leading authority on cartels and on modern industrial organization, Dr. Robert Liefmann, who can hardly be considered a hostile witness, defines cartels in his book, *Cartels, Concerns, and Trusts*, as "voluntary agreements between—or, as we have called them, associations of—independent enterprises of similar type to secure a monopoly of the market. . . . Cartels are associations with *monopolistic aims*." (Emphasis in the original—A.B.M.) The term can be used narrowly or broadly to define various types of organization and activity. In his valuable monograph on international cartels prepared for the Kilgore Subcommittee on War Mobilization, Corwin D. Edwards distinguishes three general types of international cartel: the association, the patent licensing agreement, and the combine. Because of the anti-trust laws, relatively few American firms have participated in the association type of international cartel. Patent licensing agreements are made between two or more companies involving exclusive use of patents (or in some cases the suppression of patents) in order to establish monopolistic controls over production and prices. The combine is an effort to control international markets through jointly owned subsidiaries. The disclosures concerning the cartel relationships of Standard Oil, du Pont, and other American companies have all involved patent licensing agreements or combines or both. Whatever their form, writes Mr. Edwards, "Cartel activities are designed to maximize the profits of participants by directly or indirectly maintaining prices at the level of greatest net return."

The country where cartels have had their greatest and most characteristic development is Germany. Domestic cartel associations arose in Germany in the sixties and

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seventies of the last century, particularly after the world economic crisis of 1873. They did not, however, become a dominant or stable form of business organization till the last years of the nineteenth century, when the number and the power of the cartels increased sharply. Thus the development of the German cartel system paralleled the rise of the trusts in the United States. Cartel agreements were given legal sanction by German courts in the nineties, and compulsory cartelization was introduced by the Hitler regime. By the end of 1936 two-thirds of all German industry was cartelized.

There is a disposition to regard cartels as uncharacteristic of the American scene, a contrivance of the devil born of the innate wickedness of European life. In an address on cartels before the Harvard Law School Alumni Association last February Attorney General Francis Biddle spoke of "the contrast between our own competitive system and the cartelized system of Europe." It is true that the European type of tight association allocating production quotas, fixing prices, and dividing markets, has not flourished in this country because of the anti-trust laws. But in addition to the growth of other forms of monopolist control such as the corporate merger and the holding company, we have for many years had an approximation of the European cartel system in the trade associations. The Temporary National Economic Committee (TNEC) found that there were about 1,500 active national trade associations in 1938 and some 6,000 state and local associations. TNEC Monograph 21, *Competition and Monopoly in American Industry*, states: "With the single exception of the Pacific Coast Oil Cartel, the organizations whose activities are here described have called themselves associations, institutes, industries, or clubs, but not cartels. The activities themselves, however, are identical with those in which cartels have been engaged." Under the NRA the organization of trade associations was greatly stimulated. It was these associations that in almost all cases formulated the "codes of fair competition" and administered them. The codes were specifically exempted from the anti-trust laws. Most of them fixed prices, many allocated markets and restricted output. "Adherence to code requirements was enforced not only by public penalties provided in the law but also by private penalties established in the codes." (TNEC Monograph 21.) The NRA structure represented, in fact, a long step toward compulsory cartelization.

Even earlier, in 1918, Congress had legalized export cartels under the Webb-Pomerene act, which was introduced at the recommendation of the Federal Trade Commission to enable American exporters to compete more effectively in foreign markets with European concerns. President Roosevelt was therefore merely stating the facts of American economic life when in his message of April 29, 1938, requesting the creation of the TNEC, he said: "Private enterprise is ceasing to be free enterprise and is becoming a cluster of private collectivisms; masking itself as a system of free enterprise after the American model, it is in fact becoming a concealed cartel system after the European model."

THE cartel, like the trust or holding company, is thus one of the functional forms of capitalist monopoly. The particular forms through which monopoly operates are of some importance, but they can never be as important as what's inside of them. The cartel problem in the postwar period is therefore *in essence the problem of monopoly*, nationally and internationally. It is not a new problem, but *the political and social conditions under which it will manifest itself after the war will be new*. If we are to cope with it intelligently as part of the larger problem of peace and progress in the postwar world, we must avoid old errors, as well as old lines of action that were useful in their time, but have lost their former validity.

No other capitalist country has had such a wealth of experience in dealing with the monopoly problem as the United States. In no other country is anti-monopolist ideology so deeply imbedded in the democratic tradition. And no other country has sought so deliberately to prevent and break up big business monopoly through government action. Besides such legislation as the Sherman act of 1890 and the Clayton act of 1914 and the establishment of regulatory agencies like the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Communications Commission, and the Securities and Exchange Commission, there have been in the present century three major congressional investigations of industrial and financial monopoly, as well as various official investigations of more limited scope.

Nevertheless, forty-eight years after the passage of the Sherman act the record of our failure was written large in the words of President Roosevelt's message: "Among us today a concentration of private power without equal in history is growing." And the TNEC itself found it necessary to open its final report and recommendations in March 1941, with a complaint that our country's war mobilization was further strengthening monopolistic concentration.

It is not that all these efforts have been without value. On the contrary, some of them have helped curb specific monopolistic abuses, but none has succeeded in halting even temporarily the march of monopoly. This was from the beginning a Sisyphean task, and ours has therefore been a failure to do the impossible. But at the same time we have also failed to do the possible: to work out a realistic, scientific approach to the monopoly problem. Our failure in this respect flowed from a basic misconception in both conservative and liberal circles of the nature of capitalist monopoly. Monopoly is not the result of malice or evil intent, though swindlers and robber barons, particularly in the days of the early trusts, have played a part in promoting monopoly. It is not the result of "conspiracy in restraint of trade," though such conspiracies may further the trend toward monopoly. It is not the result of the failure to enforce the anti-trust laws or of this or that government policy, though government action or inaction and national policy may retard or hasten monopolistic processes. (In England, for example, despite the greater maturity of British capitalism, monopoly developed more slowly than in the United States and Germany, largely because of the absence of a protective tariff. The abandonment of free trade in 1932 under the impact of the world economic collapse led, in the words of TNEC Monograph 21, to "the most rapid transition to a predominantly cartelized economy that the world has ever seen.")

BASICALLY, capitalist monopoly, as Marx, Engels, and Lenin pointed out, results from the *concentration of production* that takes place at a certain stage of capitalist development. Without this concentration our mass production industries would today be impossible and industrial and social progress would have ceased long ago. In his classic *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism*, the first scientific study of the monopoly phase of capitalism—a study based entirely on data from bourgeois sources—Lenin wrote: "The facts show that differences between capitalist countries, e.g., in the matter of protection or free trade, only give rise to insignificant variations in the form of monopolies or in the moment of their appearance; and that the rise of the monopolies, as the result of the concentration of production, is a general and fundamental law of the present stage of the development of capitalism." The history of the twenty-eight years since this was written has fully confirmed Lenin's view. And so when Max Lerner, writing in *PM*, attacks Earl Browder for asserting that under capitalism monopoly dominance in our economy is inevitable, his real quarrel should be with the economic laws of capitalism—and with himself for failing to understand them.

No less inevitable is the international expansion of monopoly. "As the export of capital increased," wrote Lenin in *Imperialism*, "and as the foreign and colonial relations and the 'spheres of influence' of the big monopolist combines expanded, things 'naturally' gravitated towards an international agreement among these combines and towards the formation of inter-

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national cartels. This is a new stage of world concentration of capital and production, incomparably higher than the preceding stages."

Since international agreements and cartels are a further inevitable result of the concentration of capital and production, what can be the meaning of appeals to eliminate or destroy international cartels? Such appeals can have only one of two meanings: either they are proposals to revert to the pre-monopolist era of small, freely competitive industrial units, or they are proposals to leap forward to socialism, under which monopolies would be collectively owned and operated by the people as a whole. The first is impossible, the second impracticable at this time and for some years to come since the majority of the peoples of most capitalist countries, including those who talk so glibly of "destroying" cartels, do not believe in the desirability of socialism and would therefore resist any attempt to introduce it. Like it or not, we are going to have to live with capitalist monopoly for a while. The question is whether we are going to live with it in the old way—the way of restricted production, mass unemployment, gigantic economic warfare, imperialist rivalries, looting and oppression of backward countries, climaxed by World War III—or whether conditions have arisen that make it possible to live with monopoly on a new basis: the basis of greatly expanded production and international trade, of high employment levels, of world stability, peace, and democratic progress. The discussion of this question I must leave for a following article.

Greetings from the French Communists

The following is a greeting to the first national convention of the Communist Political Association from Florimond Bonte in the name of the twenty-seven Communist deputies at Algiers. M. Bonte is the editor of "Liberte," Communist deputy from the Seine, and a member of the French Consultative Assembly.

IN SENDING your convention the warm fraternal salute of the French Communist deputies who were jailed, upon Vichy orders, in the Maison Carree and liberated finally in February 1943, after the successful landings of the Anglo-American liberating armies, I think of our homeland. Our country fights, our people fight. They are in the midst of action against the cursed invader, they are preparing a national insurrection. With feverish impatience they await the supreme Allied attack on the Atlantic coast which together with the soldiers of the great Soviet Union will break the back of the fierce Hitlerite beast. The French people, at their head the Francs-Tireurs and Partisans, are stubbornly fighting for national liberation, for the punishment of all traitors, for their right to choose freely, by universal suffrage, the leaders of their democratic government.

We of the land of the Declaration of the Rights of Man know that the people of the land of the Declaration of Independence, of Jefferson and Lincoln, are at our side, in the front ranks of those who fight for total United Nations victory in 1944. Goebbels, and his traitor accomplices on the style of Petain and Laval, try to use all propaganda methods —even articles printed in certain American newspapers—to lessen the traditional affection between the French and American peoples. They have not succeeded. Hitler Germany, conscious of inevitable defeat, would like to divide the United Nations and the liberty loving peoples in order to prolong the war and the sad procession of death, sorrow, misery. It seeks a compromise peace that would rob the peoples of their sacrifices and their battles. But even with its fifth column agents scattered through the world under various disguises, it cannot crack the solid block of United Nations.

To save itself from disaster, Hitler Germany would undermine and destroy the admirable accomplishments of the three greatest world statesmen—Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt—at Teheran. But it is countered by the progressive forces of the universe who know that the complete realization of the Teheran program means present victory and future security in long-enduring peace and prosperity for the family of United Nations. The Teheran program outlined the path that the people must follow to win in united combat, for victory and security—economic, social, and moral security—according to President Roosevelt's own message to Congress on January 11.

You can be proud, you American Communists, guided by your General Secretary Earl Browder, of having understood this completely and of having worked in your words and deeds to broaden this road to progress and democracy. We are now receiving the *Daily Worker*. We are following with absorbing interest the lively and flaming discussions opened up by Earl Browder's great report at the January meeting of your National Committee. You are in the forefront of the devoted defenders of the interests of your homeland—just as we French Communists are the advance guard in the defense of our France's interests. We are carrying out similar tasks because the interests of the people are never contradictory.

Now you are meeting in convention. I attended your convention in June 1938. I retain the ineradicable memory of its exemplary attitude, the high level of its discussions, the foresightedness and depth of its policy. The justice of your national policy has extended your influence and the services you render the common cause of the United Nations. All the French Communist deputies now in Algiers send you their warmest wishes for complete success on this occasion of your important convention. These wishes are not platonic. Each day they are translated into deeds in our work for greater war efforts, our fight against the policy of criminal delay, our pitiless struggle against the agents of bloody fascism, our efforts to consolidate the unity of all patriots in action to hasten the deliverance of our homeland and the conquest of victory and liberty. We are certain that your convention will express the deepest feelings of tens of thousands of American men and women of all classes, all philosophical or religious opinions who are determined to fight, regardless of party lines, to win victory in 1944 in cooperation with all the United Nations.

The supreme moment of battle is at hand. In France, Belgium, the United States, the Soviet Union, Europe, China, the Pacific, the peoples are fighting everywhere against oppression. By their sufferings and their heroism they are winning the right to live tomorrow, free and happy. Be assured that we, like you, will redouble our efforts to hasten the day when—following the Teheran declarations signed by Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt—the peoples of the world may live free, without tyranny, according to the dictates of their own wishes and their own conscience.

FLORIMOND BONTE.

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MISSOURI'S TIGHTROPE ARTISTS

By BRUCE MINTON

St. Louis, Mo.

SEN. BENNETT CHAMP CLARK is the ambitious son of a noted father who never forgave the American people for not insisting that he be President of this great nation. Senator Clark is a Roosevelt man once every six years. Sooner or later, all good things end; even Senators are forced at regular intervals to face the electorate. Senator Clark's second term draws to a close. No one in this state has the slightest doubt that in the very imminent future the Senator will arrive in Missouri decked in the trappings of a loyal Roosevelt supporter, very serious, very dignified, very much the hard-working son of a distinguished father, and very short of memory on his antics in Washington.

It is all very well for Bennett Clark to take a pointer from Tydings of Maryland and to pose as an administration regular for the purpose of cadging votes. But for five years and five months of his six-year term he has been about as enthusiastically pro-administration as Robert Taft and Herbert Hoover. Senator Clark, to put it bluntly, is a defeatist, one of the worst in Congress, which is no mean accomplishment. He dubs himself a "pre-Pearl Harbor isolationist"—the term supposedly has a kindly sound, calculated to gloss over a grotesque record. But leaving such subtleties aside, no fancy label can take away from Senator Clark his record as an out-and-out supporter of America First, an associate of Gerald L. K. Smith, Lindbergh, Wheeler, and Robert E. Wood, or his role as an obstructionist, or his place in the Senate as one of those Democrats who with Robert Reynolds and "Cotton Ed" Smith have meticulously undercut the President at every opportunity.

Senator Clark has now to justify himself to the people of Missouri. The candidates for nomination have filed, and Senator Clark is opposed by Attorney General Roy McKittrick who is sharply critical of Clark's position. Roy McKittrick is well known and well liked throughout Missouri, and has proved his ability in the past to win support at the polls. More than that, the present Attorney General endorses President Roosevelt's leadership and makes no bones about it. McKittrick was reelected Attorney General in 1940 for a third term by a majority of 103,000 votes; the Democratic candidate for Governor, Lawrence McDaniel, lost on the same ticket by 3,000 votes. McKittrick's pulling power is undoubted; his strength in the rural districts can challenge Clark's pose as a friend of the farmer.

Perhaps Clark has played his hand in the Senate with more shrewdness than many others of his stripe. Yet his record includes a vote against the extension of the Army draft in July 1941; he opposed the bill to nullify restrictions under the Neutrality Act in November of the same year. He fought the second lend-lease authorization. He lined up against the ship seizure bill, and against the arming of ships entering the war zones. He has been associated with a goodly number of the pro-fascist spokesmen in America. His wife, before she died, organized the Save America First Committee of Washington, D.C., along with Mrs. Burton K. Wheeler, Kathryn Lewis (daughter of John L.), and the notorious William Castle, Under Secretary of State in the Hoover administration. Clark himself appeared with Charles A. Lindbergh and Col. Robert E. Wood at an America First rally in St. Louis, and spoke on frequent other occasions at similar meetings.

Moreover, Clark indulged his penchant for military "analysis" with doubtful benefit to anyone, including himself. On Nov. 1, 1941, he announced, "Russia is defeated, so she cannot combine with Hitler to conquer the United States. . . . Both great monsters in Europe are weakening. Both of them are probably on the verge of collapse." Five days later the Senator told Congress: "I do not think the United States should participate in this war, because I do not think we require the help of the British Navy, or the help of the military power of the far-flung British Empire or the Red Army to defend this nation or this hemisphere." Less than a week before Pearl Harbor, Clark declared, "I haven't been able to find out yet what Japan has done to us or we have done to Japan to be on the brink of war, unless it is to protect the British Empire in the Orient." Only two days after Pearl Harbor, he had the gall to demand the immediate resignation of Secretary of Navy Frank Knox. Within the month, Senator Clark assured us that the Japanese could never take Corregidor.

LAST year Senator Clark bitterly opposed the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill Senate resolution which urged active US participation in postwar international organization. With Sen. Robert Reynolds he has the distinction of earning public approbation from Gerald L. K. Smith, who endorsed Clark for reelection in 1944. Clark had his picture taken with Smith—though the Senator now exerts every effort to prevent that picture from being circulated. At a recent Gerald L. K. Smith meeting in St. Louis, held over the violent protests of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Mrs. Ernest Lundeen, wife of the late pro-fascist Senator from Minnesota, told the audience, which loudly cheered the frequent anti-Semitic remarks of the speakers: "I also want to say I am proud to be a friend of your fine Senator from Missouri, Sen. Bennett Clark. He, as you know, before our country became involved in this terrible war, did all in his power, along with Sen. Burton Wheeler and Rush Holt and many others—they did all in their power to try to keep America neutral. . . . His wife, Mrs. Bennett Clark, I admired also. She took a great part in the America First party in Missouri. I wish we had more of the type of Bennett Clark of Missouri."

Senator Clark, fat, red-faced, balding, long-winded, and inordinately proud of his father (the former enemy of Woodrow Wilson), teamed up with Boss Pendergast's machine in Kansas City until Pendergast went to the penitentiary and Clark lost his powerful sponsor. Yet Clark hangs on to his close relationship with ex-Senator Jim Reed, also a former Pendergast henchman and ardent hater of That Man. Clark boasts of his long background of "service"—as a young man, his influential father wangled him the job of parliamentarian of the House of Representatives. The war in 1917 pried Clark loose from his sinecure; later he exploited his war record to good political purpose by helping to organize the American Legion — and thereafter attempted to use the Legion as a prop for his own ambitions. In 1932 he rode the Roosevelt bandwagon into the Senate; he was not above soliciting aid from Huey Long, which was promptly extended. He fought the reorganization of the Supreme Court as well as the tax on excess profits. In 1938 he again mouthed his devotion to the President, and after reelection took his stand in opposition to Franklin D. Roosevelt on almost all important legislation.

Even if Roy McKittrick fails to beat Clark for the Democratic nomination in the August 1 primary, there is no reason to conclude that President Roosevelt can*not still carry Missouri in* November. Yet Clark's primary defeat will strengthen the President not only in the state but throughout the nation. For the issue in Missouri is sharply drawn: McKittrick has offered to stump the state in a series of debates with Clark on the President's foreign policy. So far Clark has ignored the challenge, but no one expects him to accept. No doubt Clark will roar, and rend his sparse hair, but interminable rhetoric and fervent pro-

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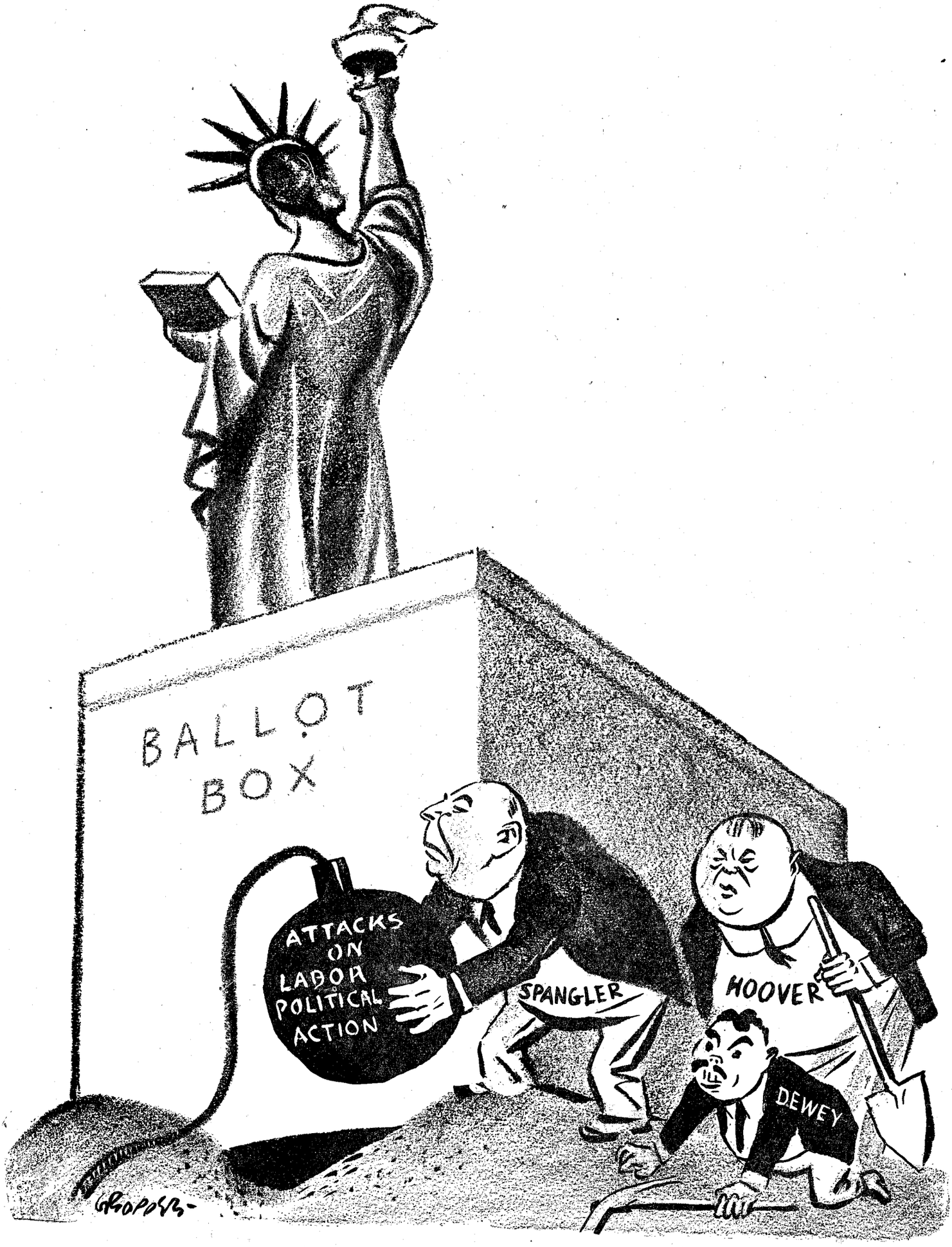

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testations of high-mindedness have small chance of attracting a majority of the farm vote from McKittrick. Clark's desperate hope is to roll up a large enough lead in the St. Louis and Kansas City areas to overcome McKittrick's advantage in the rural districts. Clark knows how to play shrewd politics; he talked the new national chairman of the Democratic Party, Robert Hannegan of St. Louis, into endorsing him for reelection. Hannegan has been regretting this rash commitment discharging a political debt ever since he made it. Recently, Hannegan has indicated an inclination to keep his fingers out of the state fight. Missouri's other Senator, Harry Truman, with a fine war record, tacitly endorsed Clark—also to pay off political debts; Truman, however, recently returned to the state to make pro-Roosevelt speeches. To be sure, Clark will strain his American Legion connections and his federal patronage to build his vote. Yet the convivial, high-blooded Clark knows he is in trouble.

Of course, Clark realizes that the administration cannot risk getting involved in a state fight, no matter how eagerly the Roosevelt backers in Washington would like to see Clark eliminated. He is aware, moreover, that with the smashing of the Pendergast machine, the state Democratic organization can no longer deliver the vote on demand, no matter what "deal" Clark can offer. He has plenty of campaign money—he will draw heavily on local isolationists and on hate-Roosevelt factions within big business. McKittrick for his part will have difficulty financing a campaign. But money alone cannot win this hotly contested primary.

WHAT will count heavily against Clark is the deep resolve among the people here that this war must be the last. It is this passion for a stable world to which McKittrick will direct his appeal, emphasizing that for all Clark's posturing, his defeatism and ultra-imperialism are the surest guarantee of future conflicts. Clark's position in effect repudiates the President's second bill of rights and economic liberty in the postwar period. For his feverish hate of Great Britain, China, and the USSR is an expression of his predatory "American Century" inclinations, his repudiation of friendly collaboration with the other great nations for an orderly postwar world, his belligerent aggressiveness that rules out expanded international trade and a rising standard of living at home.

Most important in Missouri, Clark would threaten the security of the farmers by his sabotage of the Teheran agreements: it is becoming daily more apparent that only if this nation can maintain its present level of agricultural production and actually raise these levels in the postwar period can farmers hold on to their land and improve their standards. International collaboration means not merely that American farmers will participate in feeding and seeding the world, but even more significant, they can participate in the expansion of industrial production. The new uses to which plastics can be put, to cite just one example, will raise the demand for agricultural by-products from soy beans, corn, milk, etc.; a higher standard of living for the nation can readily double the consumption of meat, treble that of milk, and spur the consumption of every crop.

Both labor and the liberal-progressive movement in Missouri are giving great emphasis to the Democratic senatorial primary. This struggle epitomizes the desire to reelect Roosevelt. The CIO is carrying political action into wards and precincts; the AFL responds somewhat more slowly—joint action has been delayed by William Green's ban on cooperation with the CIO. The Railroad Brotherhoods lag, but attempts are being made to enlist them for action.

Indeed, the general atmosphere of concern with the main issues threatens such other defeatists in Congress as Reps. Walter Ploeser and Louis Miller (who in 1942 was nominated by some 623 votes and won the election by the slim margin of 1,000 votes). Even Dewey Short worries over his chances in the southern section of the state. It is worth noting that while Missouri Republicans increased their delegation to the House in 1942 by five seats (so that they have one more than the Missouri Democrats), the Republicans polled a total of 387,000 *less* votes in 1942 than they did in 1940. It was the low vote of two years ago and the apathetic campaign in which the issues never emerged that helped the reactionaries. But with the McKittrick-Clark contest highlighting the primaries, and with Roosevelt in the running, the story can be far different this November. On the debit side of the ledger, Missouri has lost some 300,000 to 400,000 young voters to the Army; about sixty percent of the present electorate is forty years of age and over—in other words, inclined to be conservative and cautious in comparison to the more progressive youth now in the armed forces. To counteract this, however, the state Republicans have graciously drawn up a platform that is at least frank: it is one loud howl of hatred of Roosevelt, it opposes rationing as "unnecessary and foolish," it bellows about "states' rights," and it declares that "It is a dictator in Washington that we fear" more than Hitler, more than defeat in the war—but then, the platform neglects to mention the war at all.

IN ST. LOUIS the two leading newspapers, the *Post-Dispatch* and the *Star-Times*, are decisively pro-war and inclined to be anti-Clark. On the issue of Roosevelt, both papers hesitate, rationalize, and postpone decision. Their devotion to their conception of "liberalism" leads them to criticize the administration constantly and to obscure the main issues. The *Post-Dispatch* has invested a good deal of space in denunciations of NEW MASSES for its support of Teheran; the paper grew exceedingly impassioned over the NEW MASSES editorial commenting on the constructive benefits accruing from the Soviet Union's limited recognition of the Badoglio government. Now, the paper complains that by including the junta of progressive parties in the Italian government, Badoglio has doublecrossed the *Post-Dispatch* which had already "proved" that the Italian government was incapable of change. The tendency of the St. Louis press, intent on winning the war, is at the same time to isolate issues, to discuss them out of context, to worry, to fret, to see only the hole in the doughnut.

The *Post-Dispatch* for "liberal" reasons supported Landon in 1936. It is hard to predict what it will do in 1944. But it has consistently denounced the Republican leadership for failing to respond to the national emergency, it has lampooned Governor Dewey, and it has voiced its approval of Roy McKittrick for the Senate.

Missouri is a border state. It is also a part of the great Midwest. Like other midwestern states I visited Missouri is no more "isolationist" and no less concerned with the need for victory than the East Coast. Again, it is necessary to repeat that Americans are deeply concerned with the momentous issues of our times; true, they can be misled, they can be fooled. But given a chance to debate the central problems, their answer will be generally progressive and forward looking. With labor and other win-the-war forces doing their share to mobilize the vote, the state can be assured for Roosevelt.

The United Electrical Workers sent an open letter to President Roosevelt signed by thousands of its members in the state and by other progressive citizens; the letter expresses the sentiment I have found not only among the workers and the Negro people, but also among farmers, small businessmen, and—believe it or not—among certain leading industrialists and one prominent banker. The letter reads:

"America faces its greatest crisis since the Civil War. The democracy America has stood for and the democracy our sons fight for hangs in balance.

"You, Mr. President, have served this nation well. You led us in our fight against depression and unemployment. You led us in the fight for fuller democracy and a more abundant life. You are leading us to victory as Commander-in-Chief.

"This nation needs you at your post in the critical days to come. We urge you, Mr. President, to set aside personal desires, and to submit to being drafted for another term in office. You will have our support. We are sure you will have the support of a grateful nation."

This is the fourth and the last of a series on midwestern states. The other states covered were Ohio, Wisconsin and Kentucky.

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POLAND'S FIFTH COLUMN HERE

By EDWARD FALKOWSKI

THERE is but one simple fact to remember about the recent Polish American Congress in Buffalo: it was a desperate affair to corral the Polish American community for the bankrupt cause of the tottering Sosnkowski regime in London. The extremists of the National Committee of Americans of Polish Descent (KNAPP) dominated the assembly halls and if you could shut your eyes and forget that you were in an American city, you could easily believe that you were sitting at a rally in Berlin. Tongues waggled and whined. The official talk was so violently anti-United Nations that it sounded as though a chorus of voices were reading from *Mein Kampf*. One courageous soul who dared to say something in opposition from the floor was thrown out. The steamroller operated on all cylinders and naturally the adoption of the congress program was "unanimous." While Attorney General Francis Biddle was scheduled to speak at the opening session, he failed to appear and no explanation was given for his absence. Senator Mead did address the meeting and it is to his credit that he solemnly warned it against pursuing any policy calculated to injure the grand alliance.

The congress keynoter, Charles Rozmarek, president of the Polish National Alliance and an ardent supporter of KNAPP, thumped heavily on the anti-Soviet drums. He depicted the USSR as Poland's leading enemy. He excoriated the British, and those who followed him reechoed his theme. In addition leaders of the congress, many of whom are ambitious Republicans dead set against the President, sought to convert the gathering into a Polish American anti-Roosevelt bloc for use next November. The new organization established by the congress has in its leadership many Republicans, among whom are M. F. Wegrzynek, head of KNAPP and publisher of the tory New York Polish daily, *Nowy Swiat*. He was named vice-chairman and in that capacity will carry on a campaign on behalf of Governor Dewey. Another vice-chairman is Francis Januszewski, publisher of the *Dziennik Polski* of Detroit, treasurer of KNAPP, and closely associated with the political affairs of Senator Vandenberg in Michigan.

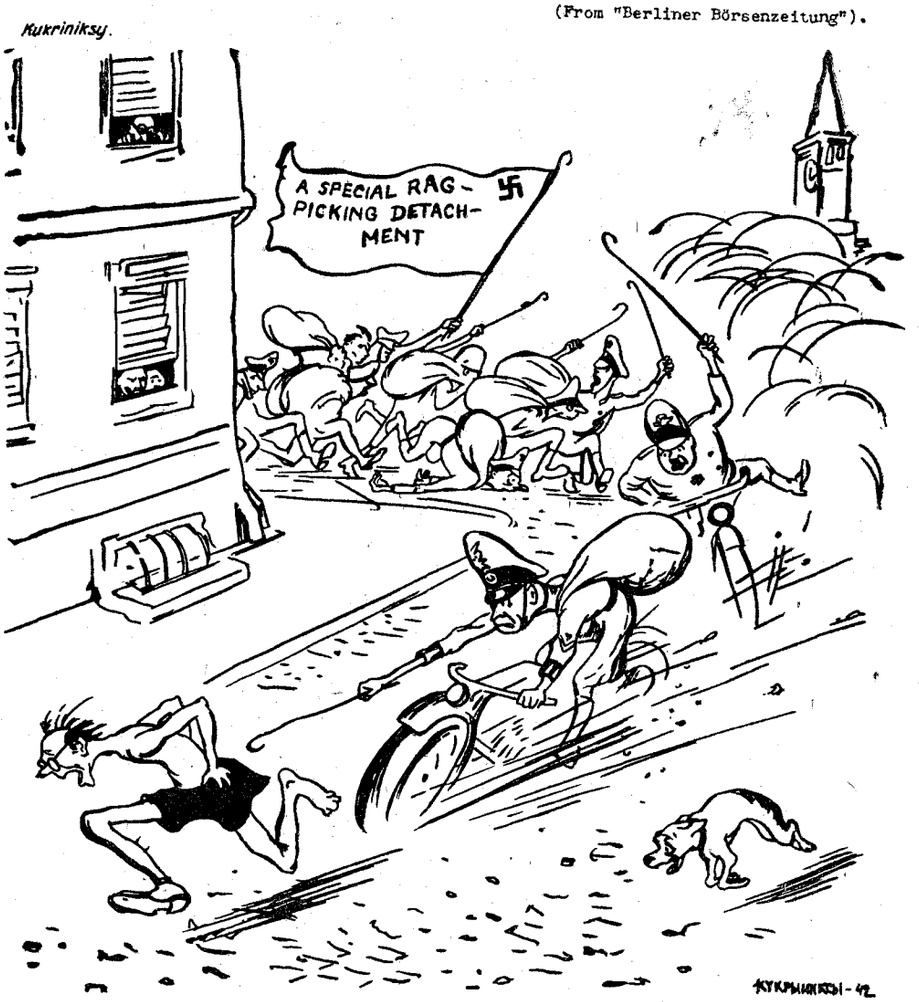
The provision that only delegates from organizations supporting the policies of the government-in-exile were eligible to participate in congress affairs automatically excluded representatives of hundreds of progressive Polish societies and groups, among which are the American Polish Labor Council headed by Leo Krzycki and the Kosciuszko League founded by Father Stanislaw Orlemanski. An examination of the delegates' credentials showed that many of those present at the congress represented no one but themselves. And the tragic and final fact is that the rank and file of the Polish American community, which overwhelmingly supports the President and the coalition, was not represented at all.

Let us go behind the scenes of the congress and observe the workings of its inner machinery as well as the background of events leading up to the meeting. *Dziennik Zwiazkowy*, the semi-official organ of the Polish National Alliance, carried a communication in its issue of May 3 from the Polish Roman Catholic prelate Msgr. L. Bojnowski, of New Britain, Conn. In it he warned that the congress would be nothing less than a "plot" by the "New York colonels' clique" to gain control of the Polish American community. He described how in May or June of last year he was visited by mysterious emissaries of this group and presented with a proposition to call a secret conference of F. X. Swietlik, Censor of the Polish National Alliance,

Rag-Pickers.

..."Many Germans are reluctant to give up their last suit of clothes to those who are destitute of everything... But this isn't all... As a rule nothing must remain at home".

(From "Berliner Börsenzeitung").



HUNTING FOR THOSE WHO HAVE ONE SUIT OF CLOTHES

Give up your trousers! drop them fast!
They're needed for the war to last!
To rest without them at your leisure
Believe me, is a downright pleasure.
Off with your only pair of shorts!

They're needed to bestorm the forts!
When Hitler, Ribbentrop desire
To travel East in smart attire.
The rest—obscure and crawling ants
Shall have to fare without their pants.

S. MARSHAK.

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Monsignor Syski, of the Polish Roman Catholic Seminary at Orchard Lake, Mich., and Dr. T. Starzynski, head of the Polish Falcons of America, for the purpose of blasting the government of Premier Sikorski and replacing him by General Sosnkowski, a rabid anti-Sovieteer. These reactionaries who disapproved of General Sikorski's efforts at cementing Polish-Soviet relations outlined plans to call a nationwide congress of American Poles. "The delegations to such a congress will include our people in such majority that we will pass everything we like."

MONSIGNOR BOJNOWSKI tells how he listened to this "disgraceful plan" in silence. It amounted, he says, to an attempt at a *coup d'etat* against the Polish government in London. "The mysterious death of General Sikorski (July 10) helped the efforts of these incorrigible and abominable instigators. Today they are again planning . . . a treacherous *coup d'etat* against the unity and loyalty of Polish Americans. I am sounding the alarm. . . ."

KNAPP, which undertook these maneuvers, was organized in 1942 for the specific purpose of counteracting the growing influence of the Polish moderates, headed by Sikorski, among Polish Americans. Its program virtually called for a declaration of war upon the Soviet Union. It supported the Polish reactionaries represented by General Sosnkowski, a blatant anti-Sovieteer. Monsignor Bojnowski revealed also that they planned to include in the new Polish regime the notorious Bielecki, a fascist and naturally an anti-Semite, whose extreme views are unpalatable even to the present London regime.

The Buffalo congress was called by these same elements in an attempt to unite all the anti-Soviet and pro-fascist cliques and groups into a single powerful organization to strengthen the hand of the government in London and to oppose the rise of popular democratic movements within Poland itself.

There is no doubt that there were conservative elements in the congress who in the past had supported Sikorski and who now expressed their disapproval of the slick machine methods used to steamroll procedure. There is, indeed, an increasing fear on the part of Polish American fraternal leaders that the new super-organization created by the congress may eventually grow to overshadow the prestige and authority of their own organizations.

The misgivings of these conservative elements regarding the congress was made evident in the position taken by F. X. Swietlik, Censor of the Polish National Alliance, who openly criticized its political objectives, although in no wise dissenting from its pronounced anti-Sovietism. Many conservatives in this group prefer to promote a subdued anti-Soviet policy rather

Helen West Heller

than to go the length of the all-out extremists who now see their only hopes in a Republican victory next fall.

These extremists, headed by Wegrzynek, Januszewski, and Gutowski (with Col. Ignacy Matuszewski, former Polish finance minister and notorious anti-Sovieteer operating behind the scenes) are eager to rally the American Poles behind Governor Dewey's candidacy next fall. In his victory they envision hopes of rescuing the Polish exiled regime in London from the plight to which its suicidal course has brought it.

Their violent attacks upon the USSR, Great Britain, and the United Nations have frightened away considerable support. But the congress has shown them determined to crush opposition where it is disorganized or spineless, and to override hesitant enemies.

THE kind of policy this Colonels' group proposes was indicated by the *Dziennik Chicagoski* of April 11 in its reprint of an article from *Kronika*, semi-official organ of the Pulaski Foundation of Newark, N. J., of which Gutowski, a KNAPP official, is director. This policy will demand the adoption by the US Congress of a resolution refusing recognition of any territorial changes made by friend or foe during the war; demand that the US government repudiate the statements in favor of territorial changes made by Churchill to the House of Commons on February 22; demand restoration of publication rights to the Polish fascist *Wiadomosci Polskie*, suspended by British authorities for its unrestrained attacks against the USSR; demand the "release" of all Poles in the USSR, including those now fighting the Nazis on the Eastern Front under the command of General Berling; demand the release by the German government of Polish Cardinal Hlond and of all Poles in occupied France desiring to leave; demand that the German government cease butchering the subjugated peoples.

These last two points are extremely significant. They indicate that this group, which virtually demands that a state of war be declared between the USSR and the rest of the United Nations, is willing, at the same time, to negotiate an understanding with Hitler on Polish personnel. There is more than a suggestion behind these proposals that a negotiated peace with Hitler is thought possible.

The article concludes by insisting that Polish Americans cease being satisfied by merely "protesting" the justice of their cause. They are told to "demand" that Congress and the United States government shall surrender to open blackmail and skullduggery on the part of the Polish American reactionaries and that it shall modify its foreign policy in accordance with their wishes.

Details of the Polish state budget for 1944 reveal that the Polish exiled regime is spending millions of dollars for propaganda in the United States this year to influence the elections. The manufacture of the right kind of "public opinion" in this country has become a key consideration for Minister Kot, in charge of official Polish propaganda abroad.

Nevertheless, it is highly doubtful that the decisions of the congress will basically affect the lives of the majority of Polish Americans, who are devoted friends of President Roosevelt and his foreign policy. The voting in the heavy Polish wards of Chicago—wards 12, 21, 29, 32, and 35—in the primaries held April 12 revealed an unwavering support for the President, the percentage of Democratic votes cast in the respective wards being 80.8, 80.1, 85.8, 80.7, and 78.2. In every Polish ward the Republicans took a beating despite the anti-Roosevelt clamor of the Polish language press.

Progressive-minded American Poles, incensed at the recent anti-United Nations activities of such Polish American representatives in Congress as Lesinski of Michigan, Monkiewicz of Connecticut, and Wasilewski of Wisconsin, are giving rise to political movements to unseat them. And the recent trip of Father Orlemanski to Moscow shows the presence within the Roman Catholic priesthood itself of democratic-minded individuals eager to bring the Roman Catholic church abreast of history. Indeed, conservative prelates such as Msgr. Bojnowski sense a danger from the KNAPP to the inner unity of the church itself—from possible collisions between KNAPP-supporting priests and their democratic-minded parishioners.

While extremists have carried the congress, their hand has been bared in the act. There is no evidence that they will carry the Polish American community with them. The Polish American community is not ready to sell its confidence in the future of American and world democracy for a sorry mess of reactionary pottage.

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WHAT PROCOPE HAD TO SAY

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

WHEN I recently told Hjalmar Procope, Finnish minister to the United States, that all I knew about the "democratic" history of his country's present rulers I got from the Encyclopedia Brittanica, it seemed that he had heard that rejoinder frequently. He colored and said he knew what I alluded to, and "that is pure fiction."

"You mean Mannerheim's getting German troops to help him shoot down 15,000 workers in 1918?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "In the first place, Mannerheim didn't request the German troops. He didn't want them. He thought he could do the business himself." He drummed on his desk in the legation office. "That is," he explained, "driving the Russians out of the country."

It was good he explained what he meant by "do the business himself." Otherwise I might have come away thinking that he was still "Hjalmar the Dynamiter" at heart. That is what he was called when as a young man just out of law school he went to Mannerheim's aid in charge of a dynamiting gang against the people's government. In those days, it's true—at least a former fellow resident of Tampere in an interview with Art Shields published in the *Daily Worker* (June 20, 1942), said it was true—Procope and his father, one of the wealthiest of the White Guards, were insensitive about the masses. According to their former neighbor, August Ruokonen of New York, they even had their own chauffeur executed, and they hated unions and "used the massacre as a way of getting rid of every union man and woman they could find" in the industrial city of Tampere.

But Procope had just been telling me about how happy workers in his country were, about how their wages might look small but that they bought a lot, and about how united they were in support of the government in its war against the Soviet Union. That was how we got to talking about what he calls their "War of Liberation," because I happened to mention that of course the government had shot down the most militant section of the workers back in 1918.

I pointed out that what he called their "War of Liberation" the Encyclopedia just flatly called a slaughter—of men, women, and children. Well, it *did* call it that once. But I'll come to that later. "Why didn't the Finnish government protest if this reputable Encyclopedia so widely read the world over printed lies about your 'democratic' government?" I asked Procope.

"I think we did," Procope said softly, with a superior little smile playing about his mouth. He added in a sort of purr, "Of course I didn't realize it was—er—so widely read until I came to this country as minister five years ago—and the Russian-Finnish war began in 1939. As you may recall, the Encyclopedia version *was* widely quoted at that time by those who defended the Soviet Union's policy and claimed the fascist Finnish government did not represent the will of the people of Finland."

PROCOPE is a polished diplomat and he is extremely chary of committing himself on anything. "I think we did," from him, in his careful speech, indicated it was just possible that a strong protest had been lodged with the Encyclopedia Brittanica, which is published in Chicago with the counsel of the faculties of the University of Chicago. There was that in Procope's manner which sent me hurrying to the Congressional Library. Sure enough, in the current Encyclopedia Brittanica, copyrighted Jan. 10, 1944, there was no mention of 15,000 workers being slaughtered. There were other facts damning to the portrait Procope would paint of a "War of Liberation"—which he admitted occurred after the new Soviet state had given Finland its independence. But this most damning and most widely quoted item of all was not to be found.

I asked for the Encyclopedia in use in 1939, for that is the one I remembered. I found this was a reprint of the fourteenth edition of 1929. Reprints have been made of this, the latest edition of the Brittanica, in 1930, 1932, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943 and 1944, and each is copyrighted. There are occasional slight revisions when new statistics are obtained, or when a map must be changed, librarians explained to me. Revisions of the text, they repeated? No, that wasn't done. But it was in one instance, I said. "You mean facts of history were changed?" one asked incredulously.

This is what I found. In the reprints of the fourteenth edition up to 1943 was the following paragraph: " 'Red Guards' from

starving, unpaid garrisons, and reinforced from Russia, began to overrun the country. A hurriedly organized White Army, under Baron Carl Gustav Emil Mannerheim, proved insufficient to maintain order. Sweden refused to help, but the Germans sent a composite division, initially some 12,000 strong, under Gen. Count Rudiger von der Goltz. This enabled General Mannerheim to win the battle of Tammerfors, whereupon Goltz entered Helsingfors on April 14. Finally, the German victory over the Reds (April 30 to May 2) at Lahti-Tavastehus contributed to Mannerheim's decisive victory near Viborg (April 28 to 29). But the cruelty of the Red insurrectionaries led to a White counter-terror. Some 14,000 men, women and children were slaughtered, and by June 27, 1918, 73,915 Red rebels, including 4,600 women, were prisoners of war."

This clearly is not biased, unless it is in favor of the Whites. But in 1943 this was changed, and in the last two reprints, copyrighted in 1943 and 1944, the first two sentences of the paragraph remain the same, and the following is substituted for the remainder: "Sweden refused to help, but, at the request of the Finnish government, Germany sent some 12,000 troops under Gen. Count Rudiger von der Goltz. Through division of labor and direct cooperation, the White Finns and the Germans conquered the Reds and drove out the Russians. Mannerheim subdued Tampere April 6 and von der Goltz entered Helsinki April 14. After Mannerheim's decisive victory near Viborg, April 28 to 29, the clean-up operations of firing squads and prison camp starvation took the lives of thousands in a White counter-terror. The government reported 73,915 Red prisoners (including 4,600 women) as of June 27, 1918."

In the later version, the initials which appear in the earlier one, signifying the author, "W. L. B.; X," are omitted. Instead, only the initials of Franklin D. Scott, for the entire section on history, remain. "X" is used for an anonymous contributor. W.L.B. is William Lewis Blennerhassett, formerly acting British vice-consul at Kovno, Lithuania. Scott is an associate professor of history at Northwestern University.

Scott was the author of the Encyclopedia Brittanica's 1941 Yearbook section on Finland, which he concluded with this little puff: "Finland tightened her belt and looked forward hopefully, sanely planning the clearing of new lands. . . . Her national independence was intact and her spirit appeared to be equal to her emerg-

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ency." In the 1943 Yearbook for the events of 1942, however, he said it had been a "question whether Finland or Russia started the shooting," and he admitted that "Britain and the United States saw the Germans using Finland air bases from which to attack their convoys to Russia" and says ". . . it was obvious that Finland was aiding the enemy of the United Nations, and to many that meant that Finland was herself an enemy."

THE corrected version of the 1918 massacre by Mannerheim & Co. carried in the Brittanica despite its mention of firing squads, corresponds more closely than the original to Procope's version as he gave it to me.

"The workers were not shot down," he said. "At the end of the civil war there were some 80,000 prisoners. Most of them were released, but twelve to fifteen thousand—no, twenty to twenty-five thousand —were put in concentration camps. We had very little food at the time. There was a terrible epidemic of influenza. Well —" he shrugged. "Naturally, the epidemic was worst in the camps, where there was less food than elsewhere. So they died."

Regrettable, his manner implied, but more refined than dying by bullets supplied by the Germans and paid for by the money lent Finland by the United States—the so-called "war debt," which, by the way, the Brittanica likewise surrounds with quotation marks.

IN ALL I spent two hours and ten minutes with "Dynamitti Jallu," the Finnish for "Dynamiter Hjalmar." He is a very polite man. When he did not want to answer a question he murmured that the question was political, or just mentioned the State Department, and with a courteous apology declined to give forth. I was courteous, too. The State Department, toward the end of December 1942, stopped the dissemination of Finnish propaganda here, and since then Procope cannot call in the press and issue statements, but he can answer questions orally. I kept reassuring him that NEW MASSES would print nothing which ran counter to the State Department regulation. He would thank me graciously. Since he confessed to being a reader of NM, I believe he was under no serious apprehension that we would print anything resembling Finnish propaganda.

There is a popular impression that the State Department's strictures came about as our answer to Finnish officials who drank toasts at a Japanese celebration in Helsinki on Dec. 7, 1942, in honor of Japan's Pearl Harbor stab in our back. This was exposed by the Office of War Information. But inquiring at the State Department, I was told this wasn't the reason. We only clamped down on propaganda *after* Finland did the same to us. Actually it means very little. The newsmen only cultivate Procope the more since they cannot depend on handouts. Certainly John Reichman, formerly of United Press and now of *Newsweek*, J. Kingsbury Smith of Hearst's International News Service, now in London, and others have worried along without handouts pretty well.

Whenever the polite ex-dynamiter mentioned NEW MASSES, which he found certain fault with, he preceded his remark with, "I am sorry," or, "This is not personal." Whenever he disagreed with me as to what Russia had done or not done, which was fairly frequent, he prefaced his objection by saying, "Please excuse me," or, "If you don't mind."

When I asked him if he didn't consult with, or at least see socially, Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, Robert A. Taft, and Henrik Shipstead, all of whom had done exceedingly well by the fascist government of Finland in anti-Soviet speeches on the Senate floor two days previous, Procope refused to answer. But he refused with a shake of the head and a coy smile. Senator Nye? The same answer.

"I know—I know what you're up to," he said in that accent which society women compare to Paul Lukas', shaking his finger. "The NEW MASSES wants to show that all my friends and acquaintances, all my support, comes from one quarter."

"Do you mean the negotiated peace quarter?" I asked, but he brushed this aside, and went on. "As a matter of fact, I should like very much to meet persons from all groupings in your country. I should like to meet Mr. Norman Thomas, for instance —who could not be classed as a conservative."

"And how about Mr. John L. Lewis?" I asked. "But you surely know him—you meet occasionally, do you not?"

"I have a right to have my own friends, and I do not think it is anyone's affair what I do in my own personal life," he said, a little huffily. "As a matter of fact, I go out very little these days. I have many invitations but I limit myself to a few friends. I have on my desk here an invitation from someone high in the New Deal." He would not say who it was.

"Do you run into many people here who share the Russians' anxiety that with all your contacts here and your having so many facts accessible to you, security may be endangered?" I asked. I tried to ask it in a calm way, so the red-haired press relations man he had sitting in with us, or Hjalmar himself, wouldn't throw me right out of the legation. It was like asking a man if he thought it was a nice day and if he'd murdered his wife that morning.

Hjalmar just stared for a minute. So I patiently explained what I meant. I alluded to Taft's speech. He apparently was talking about the story in the New York *Times* which said concern was felt in Moscow about the security of Allied plans because of the continued presence of Finland's legation in Washington after the breakdown of negotiations between Moscow and Helsinki. "I know you get around. I read the *Times-Herald* society columns," I said. "Do you ever meet anyone who shies away from you, gives you the ice, so to speak?"

"I'm supposed to," he said, "but I never do. Such things are said about me, but I don't experience them."

Apparently Procope regards himself as something of a martyr. The State Department won't let him travel—except that he is allowed to see his doctor in New York, which he does frequently. He can make no speeches, and he sees no delegations. He had to admit there weren't any labor groups of Finnish-Americans organized to defend Finland such as the group which has urged a declaration of war on the fascist Finnish government, the National Committee of Finnish-American Trade Unionists. Procope and his aide brought up the name of this organization's head, Rudy Hanson, early in the conversation. I gathered that they didn't care for Mr. Hanson.

WE WEREN'T getting on very well until Procope, who doubtless is sensitive to accents, asked me curiously where I was from. When I said Arkansas, and he further elicited from me the fact that the state abounds in timber, a light came into his eyes. It was not long after this when the press relations aide stole away and left us together. Monsieur Procope turned on the charm.

He sighed and put his fingertips together and said, "You know, my dear, life is not all black and white." He asked the size and population of Arkansas. And then—ah, but you've guessed it. "Finland is a little country, you know — just about the size of Arkansas." He got out a little booklet describing its industries which alas, he could not give me because of the State Department's rule, but which I might see. Here was the lumber industry, here the pulp and paper industry. He had traveled in America for years representing that industry, meeting all the biggest newspaper publishers. He knew them well. Col. Robert R. McCormick had his own mills in Canada, of course, but he met him. He met them all. It was really at their invitation he returned here as minister. "The amount we export to America is only a drop in the bucket in terms of the amount of paper your great newspapers need," said Procope. "But the publishers were most anxious that it be maintained because it kept the prices down in Canada, where they got most of their newsprint." Certainly these friends of Procope's did not hurt the cause of pro-Finnish, anti-Soviet propaganda in the years following.

M. Procope sighed. "It distresses me," he said, "it makes me most unhappy." I waited, quite on edge to learn what disturbed him. "It distresses me that those whose opinions you represent, the people who believe in the rights of the little men, the little persons in the world—should feel the way they do about our little country."

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POGROMS IN CONNECTICUT?

By DANIEL HOWARD

THE past six months have seen a display of bigotry and prejudice against the Jews in Connecticut which should teach all who love liberty and believe in justice that some counter action is absolutely necessary if our Bill of Rights and our boasted claim of freedom and protection for minority groups are not to become a mockery. This situation is not at all new. It has long existed, but these recent months have shown it at its worst.

By a curious coincidence vandalism broke out in Hartford at the same time that similar outbreaks were reported in other parts of the country. First came the desecration of Jewish cemeteries in the fall of 1943, a little earlier than the more widespread outbreaks that were reserved for Halloween. In one cemetery the splendid mausoleums were plastered with mud. In another at the north end of the city the ordinary grave markers were smeared and desecrated. At the same time the telephones in Jewish homes were rung and when a member of the family answered the call a voice would say "Have you heard what Father Coughlin says?" or "Tomorrow listen to Hitler." Then vile and abusive language would follow, the listener would be called some insulting name and told that he had better "get out of here." One prominent Jewish leader received seventeen or eighteen such calls just before Christmas. Of course the callers did not reveal their identity.

Halloween was chosen for large scale vandalism in Hartford, Bridgeport, and elsewhere. In Hartford the word "Jew" and insulting epithets were reported on over a hundred Jewish stores. The detectives who were placed upon the job are said to have counted 180 windows smeared on Main Street alone and the vandalism extended north and south the entire length of this street and east and west across the city on Asylum Street. The word "Jew" and obscene expressions marked in soap, wax, chalk, or lipstick predominated. A few days later the windows of the synagogue on Market Street were broken and swastikas were painted on the South End Hebrew School. The most sensational episode took place at the synagogue on Farmington Avenue one Friday night at the regular sabbath service just as Rabbi Feldman had begun the delivery of his discourse. A noise was heard in the rear and a boy opened the door and yelled into the synagogue what appeared to be a jargon pretending to imitate the Yiddish language. Then with a loud ha, ha, he and a companion fled, followed by one of the worshippers. The boys were apprehended and named others who were involved in the affair but who did not enter the synagogue.

In Bridgeport three fifteen-year-old boys confessed painting the word "Jew" and swastikas on the windows of Jewish merchants in the Hungarian section of the city. Fifteen stores were smeared with heavy red paint. These boys claimed to have no special reason for their act except that it was Halloween, but they admitted that they had heard older boys and men say that "somebody ought to paint up those Jews." Mayor Jasper McLevy said: "The fact that the same situation has developed in Hartford would indicate that there is an organized attempt to disunite our people. . . . I call upon all law abiding citizens to cooperate with the police." In Hartford Mayor O'Connor was reported as saying: "I will use every detective in the department, but I'm going to get at the bottom of this." Patrick J. Ward, president of the Greater Hartford Industrial Union Council of the CIO, called upon all citizens to "unite in a demand for a thorough investigation in order to find those persons who were responsible for the ugly manifestation of anti-Semitism." William M. Mortensen, now mayor, but then a candidate for election to that office, said: "This is a terrible affront to the dignity of a free people and a discouragement to the hopes of all in this community who have been sincere and constant in fostering that tolerance, understanding, and unity which Americans today need as never before in our history."

MAYOR MORTENSEN, who has long been outspoken in his defense of the rights of minority groups, was rewarded by receiving the following letter from a resident of West Hartford:

"Dear Sir: It looks to me as if you are a tool of the Jews. I do not know how much you have seen of Europe or this war, but may I tell you that the Jews had that coming to them and will have it coming to them here, I hope, while I live! I have nothing against a Jew because of his religion but because they all must be members of the World Jewry, that is very bad. Hitler did a fine job on them over there and I hope they will never come back in power in Europe.

"I hate that power-mad cripple in Washington because he has sold us here in America to the Jews.

"Praise the Lord and pass the Jews to Hitler and the World will stay Free!

"Don't tie the Americans down let's be free.

"Yours truly,

"George Wall."

"Ghettograd," by Edith Glaser.

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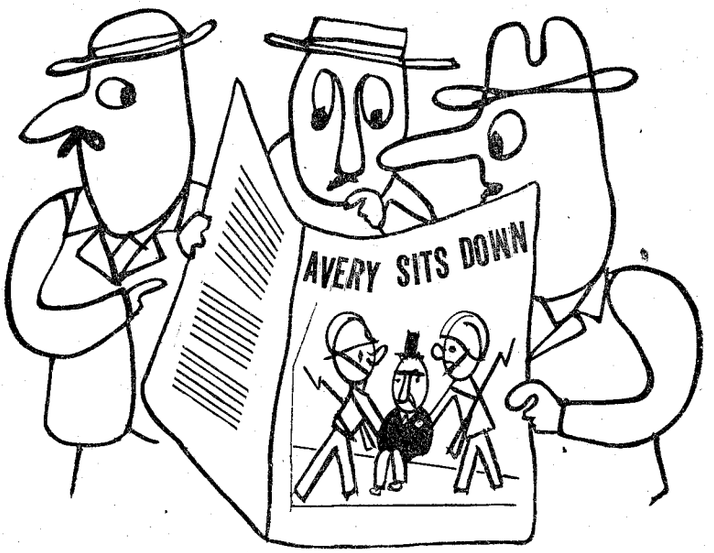

"Spangler says he's just an unarmed storekeeper—which reminds me my boy is now in France fighting an unarmed paperhanger."

Vilest of all the propaganda circulating in the state is a book of a hundred pages sent through the mail from Chicago. It is entitled *The Jew Refugee Invasion of America Through Immigration and What To Do About It.* One of these books addressed to the "Sheriff of Bridgeport," an office that does not exist, was delivered to the City Hall in Bridgeport and turned over to a person who lent it to the present writer. It contains spurious quotations against the Jews from the writings of Benjamin Franklin and others, quotations which have been repeatedly exposed as frauds. Many other statements made by prominent men against the enemies of society, but which make no reference whatever to any particular race or group, are quoted under the heading "What famous men said about the Jews." Some real condemnations of the Jews by well known Jew-baiters are included. Also included is a list of historical incidents from the year 70 A. D. to the year 1897 in which Jews participated, often to their credit and never with any evidence that they were worse than other participants, but so assembled and presented as to deceive the uncritical and make them believe that they are reading the evidence of evil deeds committed by the Jews. This book plausibly concludes by publishing the Bill of Rights and other patriotic statements and then calls upon its readers to carry on a campaign to secure petitions to Congressmen to pass legislation hostile to the present administration and to "stop the entry into this country of Jew Refugees and Aliens who will take the business and jobs of American citizens." Naturally the book is anonymous as to author and publisher.

Children are among the greatest sufferers in this campaign of bigotry. In Hartford and West Hartford this feature appears to be at its worst. On the way to school or going home from school a Jewish child is accosted by other children who inquire, "Are you a Jew?" The answer is "Yes." Then the Jewish child is beaten up, knocked down, or spit upon. Religious fervor of this type is not natural or normal to children ten or twelve years of age. The large number of cases reported and the Christian Front type of influence found to prevail in the environment and the homes in which most of the offenders live leave little doubt that older persons are primarily responsible for their vicious action. At the Christmas season when carols were being sung throughout the city, cards were passed around among the children on which some of these carols were printed, with every other line changed to a rhyming insult to the Jews. In the factories doggerel and insulting poems are passed around to arouse contempt and hatred for the Jew. In Hartford one social worker, who was subsidized by tolerant and well meaning people, was reported to be using her position to help foster prejudice against certain well known Jews. Her case was promptly given attention and presumably the offense will not be repeated. Even soldiers fighting for their country in the far off Pacific send back home samples of scurrilous literature filled with insult to the Jews which have reached them through the mails from Hartford.

DISCRIMINATION against the Jew in employment is common, though difficult to prove to the local authorities since the employer can always offer some plausible excuse for his failure to employ an individual. However, when his gentile neighbor is immune from these same excuses, the Jew knows the reason and suffers accordingly; and when anything goes wrong in a factory that does employ Jews the management, much too often, finds that the Jew is the most convenient scapegoat on whom to place the blame.

However, the friends of justice and civil liberty are now aroused and future displays of anti-Semitism will not be tolerated with the same complacency that has existed in the past. Bridgeport has a well organized committee of influential Jewish leaders who have combed the city to obtain the facts and will be on the alert for any future demonstration. Hartford has an anti-defamation committee and other organized groups of Jews and gentiles working to see that discrimination is checked wherever possible and offenders exposed to public censure. Brotherhood and interracial meetings have been held in Hartford under the auspices of the educational committee of the Interracial Council to create a spirit of greater tolerance and good will. In New Haven a similar meeting was held under the auspices of a committee of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. The alert school directors are seeking to add to their social studies material that will emphasize the contributions to civilization and our culture that have been made by all the groups that compose our population, with emphasis on the contributions of the Jews, the Negroes, and other minority groups that have suffered neglect or discrimination in the past.

The Mayor of Hartford, at the request of a large body of civic leaders, has appointed a committee of fifteen to study the situation and seek ways and means for improvement. The Governor acting under the authorization of a law passed by the last General Assembly has set up a Permanent Inter-racial Commission of ten outstanding religious and civic leaders headed by Bishop Gray of the Episcopal Church. This commission "shall compile facts concerning discrimination in employment, violations of civil liberties, and other related matters. Said commission shall report to the Governor biennially the result of its investigations, with its recommendations for the removal of such injustices as it may find to exist."

Among the unofficial groups working to eradicate anti-Semitism, along with other forms of discrimination and injustice, is the Connecticut Conference on Social Legislation, a state-wide organization devoted to the enactment and execution of just state and federal laws and to the defense of civil liberties. To date the work of these and similar organizations has consisted largely of fact-finding, publicity, and education. However, a campaign for legislation to supplement this activity is being urged by those who believe that the citizens of Connecticut, when fully aroused, will go the limit to eliminate the curse of anti-Semitism from the future history of the state.

Mr. Howard is superintendent emeritus of schools in Windsor, Conn., and is chairman of the Connecticut Conference on Social Legislation.

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HANS SCHMIDT'S CONFESSION

By FRIEDRICH WOLF

Friedrich Wolf, a physician and a world famous dramatist, belongs to the group of German anti-Nazi writers in Moscow taking a very active part in the work of the Free Germany Committee of which he is one of the leading members.

IT WAS a very cold and clear night full of stars. The Red Army Rifle Division which I accompanied was marching westward, when an armored unit with motorized troops crossed our road. We had to wait in order to let the tanks and trucks pass.

The cold was so intense that it seemed to toll like a bell. I wore high felt boots and a sheepskin, and still I felt cold. A few German prisoners taken by our unit were stunned at the sight of our driver taking off his gloves and cleaning the motor. They themselves did not dare to keep their hands out of their pockets. I heard one of the prisoners exclaim: "These Russians must have real bear blood, indeed."

I went with the prisoners into one of the village huts. A few Red Army men were gathered around a groaning German artilleryman. I approached him and asked where he had been wounded. He rose. The back of his white snow coat was red with blood. "A shell splinter," he said, "I got it a few hours ago." I removed his coat, tunic, and shirt. At the left side of his back there was a hole, big as a man's fist. One could see the kidneys. The first aid bandage was no good any more.

THE Red Armymen first did not look very friendly at the German. Their division just captured two towns where the Nazis before fleeing locked civilian prisoners and wounded Red Army men into a small factory which was then blown up. These terrible facts were still fresh in the memory of the men. But now when the Red Army men saw the wound of the German soldier, the sight of the suffering man seemed to have chased away those memories. Immediately two of them gave me their first aid kits for the wounded man who, as a prisoner and disarmed man, was no longer an enemy.

It was no easy job to bandage the German in that crowded room. When I asked for a second bandage, I happened to look at the face of one of the German prisoners who had come into the hut with me. He stared at me. Evidently he just could not understand that the Red Army men were giving their own first aid kits to a wounded German.

THE wounded man asked for some water. I gave him a little water with vodka. He was extremely weak and suffering a good deal. I asked the Red Army men to let him lie down on a bench. They made room for him at once. Then the German asked me what I thought about his wound and if he had a chance to survive. But without waiting for my reply he told me, very excitedly, that his brother had been at Stalingrad, and that he was tortured by the question whether his brother was among the dead ones or among the prisoners.

I said that there was a possibility that his brother was among the many prisoners. I warned him to be quiet. But he did not listen. He wanted to speak as if he knew that there was not much time left to him for a confession . . . and he had to tell his story to somebody. He began with stammering words: he and his brother were from Berlin-Neukolln. They bought a small auto repair shop four years ago. All their savings and those of their mother went into the business. His brother was his best friend. They had been so proud of their business; they sweated and worked and hoped. Then the brother was mobilized and had to go to the front. And now he himself was here, seriously wounded . . . and what had happened to his brother? His face was white, very small. "Oh, if I had only known that," he said.

I wanted to comfort him. "Well, you'll recover, Schmidt, and you'll see your little repair shop at Berlin, be sure."

(*Continued on page* 28)

"The March of the Invincibles," by A. Blashko.

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READERS' FORUM

Message to War Mothers

The following is an open letter addressed to war mothers by one who is a war mother herself.

IS THERE a day in the week when you do not say to yourself, "What can I do to be of help to my son in the service? Even though I send packages whenever possible, and write letters regularly, isn't there something else I can do?" I know you ask this universal question just as I do. May I attempt to answer it, and at the same time offer you a challenge?

First, I think I can safely say, the predominant hope in your heart at the moment is for a quick victory, a just peace, and the return of your boy to home and happiness. Now my suggestion is directly tied up with that hope. We have a President, a Congress, the radio, and the press. To a very large degree the welfare of your son, now and in the future, rests in their hands. Aside from the ballot, there is only one other way of letting them know what you think and want as citizens, and that way is through letters.

Are you reading your newspapers intelligently, and studying the men who will make the plans for the sort of world to which your son will come home? As a result of such study, are you writing to these men, informing them of your views on the specific issues over which they have a great deal of influence? As an example, there is the American Legion GI Bill, the proposed amendments to the Soldiers Vote Bill, the renewal of the Price Control Act, and many others.

Do I hear you say you haven't the time? For shame! You would not dream of saying you do not have time to write to your son, for you could not bear to visualize his look of loneliness and disappointment at mail call. May I ask, will you be better able to bear his pain and hopelessness, if he comes home to find unemployment, discrimination, lack of opportunity for education and the finer things of life? Then get busy at once and write letters, and more letters, to your radio commentators, your newspapers, and your Congressmen.

The powers that be are made up of human beings who have an important job to do, and place value on your approval or disapproval. Every card and letter you write is given careful attention, and is usually answered. Try and see! Make a list of your Congressmen, state and national, pin it on the wall close to your writing material, and then write! Write every day or every week. If every mother in the country would do this consistently, can you imagine the results? With this bit of effort, you can help to lay the foundation for that "Better World" on the home front for which your son is fighting on the battle front.

Would you not like to be of that generation of mothers which history will say eliminated war from the earth forever? What could be closer to your heart? Each letter you write to your son makes him happy for a day. The letters that I suggest may make him happy for a lifetime.

I hope I have answered your question about that "something else" you can do for your son, and may I clarify my challenge:

Mothers of America! Will you fight, zealously and with determination, using the magic weapons of pen and paper, for the American ideals of Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness for all mankind?

MRS. D. SCHATZ.

Philadelphia.

Industrialization Problems

TO NEW MASSES: In reply to Mr. Browder's comments on my letter, let me say this: Considerations of profit alone determine what will be done under capitalism. Those things that are deemed profitable are done and those things that are deemed unprofitable are left undone. The backward countries were not industrialized before this war because the capitalists considered those countries more profitable as producers of raw materials and consumers of finished goods than they would be as industrialized competitors in our already overcrowded world market.

As for India, neither we nor the Indian people can at this time determine whether India shall be industrialized. India is a British possession and that question will be determined by British capitalists, many of whose interests would suffer from the industrialization of India.

If, as seems probable, China emerges from this war in military dictatorship, the capitalists would be insane to equip her with industries which could be converted to war purposes. In both India and China there are racial, religious, educational, and political problems which will have to be solved before there can be any high degree of industrialization.

Mr. Browder does not suggest who is to put up the money for the vast industrialization scheme which he foresees. Nor does he explain why the capitalists in a ruined world should suddenly find profit in doing what under better circumstances they considered unprofitable.

EUGENE A. COX.

Lewiston, Idaho.

A Chemist Protests

TO NEW MASSES: One of the costly mistakes made by our nation during the early period of the war was its failure to pass the Kilgore bill, providing for an Office of Scientific Management. As a chemist, I have lived through the muddle and waste which resulted from the absence of such an office. Tremendous duplication of effort among hundreds of small firms trying to get on the bandwagon and share in the wealth being handed out to anybody who could make essential chemicals. Waste of precious materials, for which priority ratings were obtained by devious means, with no inspection or control over the use to which they were put, once bought. And worst of all—waste of manpower—frustration among chemists, who wanted to do essential work, but where? to whom to turn?

I was tied to a useless, inefficient firm for sixteen months, Not only I, but eight other chemists. We were frozen to our jobs—couldn't get another if we left. Our firm had been declared essential, because it claimed to be making an essential drug. We could have told anyone who asked us that we'd never be able to produce anything worthwhile. Our management was inefficient, there was rivalry among our bosses, who had invested in chemistry as they might have invested in shoes, because there was a chance for a quick profit. They weren't entirely to blame, either, because the government offered to buy any of the drug produced, whatever the cost. Later it changed its mind, gave contracts only to the big firms, and our firm closed.

So we were free, at last. Free to waste time hunting for a job. This time we wanted to make sure the job we accepted was useful. But there's no way to be sure until you've actually worked at the job; all employers were claiming their jobs essential, and that was why we had accepted the first job, only to be undeceived when it was too late.

This is not merely the story of nine chemists, but the story of *most* chemists. Not merely technicians, but research chemists, with M.A. and Ph.D. degrees. One boy who wrote to his draft board, pleading not to be deferred, to no avail: he finally had to quit. Another left the field of chemistry entirely, to become a shipyard worker. How we needed a central, coordinating agency! The United States Employment Service was supposed to do the job, but had no facilities to investigate, little power to enforce. They could not even get us an interview, if we did not first obtain a release from our employer.

This is no time for chest-beating, or might-have-beens. But we are close enough to "reconversion" to want to avoid the same mistakes, the same planless waste, the same frustration in facing the new problems that will arise. Scientific personnel has multiplied during the war. Where are they to go when the war is over? Back to the department store and office jobs they had to accept before the war? If properly organized and applied, the scientific knowledge gained during the war plus the skilled technique developed during this period could prove a source of tremendous progress in America. We must not allow it to be dispersed and wasted. Why not an Office of Scientific Management now? If not to organize for the war, then to plan for the peace.

LILLIAN GORDON.

New York.

Tribute Richly Earned

TO NEW MASSES: Anna Damon, National Secretary ILD, whose recent death was noted in the *People's World*, was one of the great women of America. Without thought of personal gain, she actually dedicated her life to active struggle against the forces of fascism and barbarism and for a better world.

As members of the International Labor Defense, National Committee for Oregon, we were privileged to have worked with her on occasions where the lives or liberties of anti-fascists were involved. Anna Damon has richly earned an everlasting tribute from progressive mankind.

IRVIN GOODMAN.

Portland, Ore. DIRK DEJONGE.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

World Organization

BY EXCHANGING opinions on postwar organization with the bi-partisan Senate committee, Mr. Hull is reducing to a minimum the friction which this problem has always engendered. It is of course a sad reflection on the Congress that the Executive must proceed on critical questions with utmost caution if it is to avoid being shackled by peanut politicians. Were this Congress completely in line with the national desire for long range international collaboration, the State Department and the White House could move without fear of obstruction. But there is undoubtedly before the President and Mr. Hull the whole ghastly picture of Republican sectarianism and the memory of what befell Mr. Wilson after the last war. They must therefore operate with skill and prudence lest their negotiations for a world security system be subverted from within.

None of the powers which participated in the Moscow meeting last October has publicly offered any detailed plans for an international organization. There is no question, however, that the different foreign offices have been discussing plans and many competent observers are of the opinion, for example, that postwar systems were among the key points on the agenda of the Dominions meeting in London. The need for world organization was acknowledged in the broad principles of the Moscow declarations and Mr. Hull's statement of last week shows that the stage of drafting plans will be reached soon after informal discussions are held by the leading members of the coalition.

It is also obvious from what Mr. Hull said that the four powers will have the major responsibility for shaping the future, a responsibility which in no way disregards the rights of small nations or neglects their interests. These countries have already had their sovereignty guaranteed by the Moscow and Teheran agreements, and several of them—Norway, Belgium, Holland, and Czechoslovakia—have concluded treaties confirming their prerogatives and authority after the invader has been destroyed.

There are voices, however, which dissent from the idea that without the nucleus of the four powers there can be no practical solution to the problems of safeguarding future world security. Sumner Welles is a basso in this chorus and he has sung time and again of the menace of a so-called tri-power dictatorship. The *New Republic* also joined him last week by writing an editorial noting that it is "uneasy about the proposals for a condominium of power among the great nations which are winning this war." There can be only one reply to this trend of thought and that reply may be read in the bleak history of the League of Nations. In it is the evidence of the hopelessness of world organization if there is no "condominium" of the major powers, if there is no unity of purpose among them. Their estrangement during critical moments in the past gave aggressors the opportunities to gather strength and to rule by deepening the estrangement. Britain against France; France and Britain against the USSR; the United States withdrawn into isolation—this was the real source of Germany's power. *And in all this disunity the lesser powers became the chips in the game of global poker.*

This is lesson number one in building a world organization. And with this nucleus of power, guided by democratic policy as the starting point, the forms of such an organization are relatively easy to devise. Woodrow Wilson first dissolved his wartime coalition, such as it was, and then attempted to create a League. Its failure was inevitable. Wilson also sought to impose a set of principles on other powers which they could take or leave. And the result was a *papier-mache* structure which the first strong winds destroyed. These tragic errors have taught the major Allies that the future collective security must be *collective* and rooted in respect for each other's interests and special needs.

Nor can anyone assume that agreement on world organization automatically solves all problems. The coalition faces inner problems, such as the British fear of American economic domination, the complex problems of the colonial world, problems of trade, of rehabilitation and reconstruction—all of these, and others, if successfully adjusted strengthen international organization and give it sinew and bone. Eventually postwar organization will be the means of eliminating these areas of potential strife. But they must be dealt with in good time, as some of them already are, to make world organization an inspiring reality.

Turn for the Good

THE most important thing about last week's coup in Ecuador is that it was the opposite of those engineered in Argentina and Bolivia. The latter represented fascist revolts, largely of foreign origin, against the democratic will of the masses of people in those countries. What happened in Ecuador represented the democratic upsurge of liberal elements against a pro-fascist clique, already in power, which was preparing illegally to perpetuate itself through phony elections.

Dr. Jose Maria Velasco Ibarra has been brought into power in Ecuador by the Alianza Democratica, a coalition of democratic forces having the support of the trade union movement and of the Ecuadorian Communists. He was a candidate in the presidential elections, which have now been called off, against the hand-picked successor of the reactionary incumbent, Arroyo del Rio. The joker in the so-called elections was that Velasco Ibarra had not been permitted to enter the country and was forced to remain in exile in neighboring Colombia. The democratic forces, finding no way in which to express themselves through the ballot, conducted successful revolts in the key cities of Ecuador, overthrew the government of Arroyo del Rio, and prepared the way for the return of Velasco Ibarra who has now been installed in the presidency.

The first statements made by the Alianza Democratica and by the new president give evidence of the democratic nature of the new regime. A constituent assembly to "have the power which belongs to the people" has been pledged, dictatorship which "corrupts people" has been disavowed, and support promised to the war effort of the United Nations.

The Department of State in this country, while taking no formal position with regard to these events, has announced that they would be discussed with other democratic republics of the hemisphere. It is likely that just as most of these republics denied recognition to the fascist putsches in Buenos Aires and La Paz they will accord it to the new democratic government that has been established in Ecuador.

Cuban About Face

THE election of Dr. Grau San Martin to the presidency of Cuba, defeating Dr. Carlos Saladrigas, government candidate who had the support of the democratic coalition, is a victory for reaction not only in Cuba but throughout the hemisphere. Careful study of the causes behind the election results, on the basis of much fuller information than is now available, will be needed before it is possible to explain the

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wholly unexpected defeat of the coalition, or to estimate its consequences for Cuba and the rest of the hemisphere.

Dr. Grau San Martin, who played a role in overthrowing the Machado dictatorship and who was president for the brief period between September 1933 and January 1934, has maintained since that time considerable personal prestige among the democratic masses of Cuba. He has never supported the Batista regime, and his opposition to it brought him into ever sharper conflict with the progressive forces gathered in the coalition, driving him to make all kinds of unprincipled alliances with reaction. In the election campaign itself his organized support was drawn mainly from ultra-nationalist elements, from the Falange, the Spanish importing interests, and the most reactionary elements of the native bourgeoisie. All of the organized progressive forces, the Confederation of Cuban Workers, the four political parties of the coalition which supported Batista and made up his national unity cabinet, campaigned for Dr. Saladrigas. Grau was obviously not, however, elected by the reactionaries. On the contrary, in free and even "model" elections where vote-buying was prohibited, the progressive masses of Cuba chose Grau San Martin. We can do no more at this time than suggest several factors that contributed to this unforeseen development. The sharp economic crisis in Cuba was cleverly and demagogically exploited against the Batista regime by the opposition. Grau's personal prestige, which rests on an undeserved reputation for radicalism, played a part. Another factor was the support given him by American reaction, with Mr. Spruille Braden, US Ambassador to Cuba, openly indicating his preference for Grau. And finally, with an eye to our own November elections, we must reluctantly conclude that the coalition fell victim to over-confidence and complacency.

The defeat of the government candidate has not been a personal defeat for General Batista. The exemplary conduct of the elections, almost unprecedented in Latin American politics, has won for Batista personally an even higher place in the respect and affections of his people than he previously enjoyed. His continuing influence in Cuban political life is therefore assured and will undoubtedly play an important part in the coming difficult period. Grau was elected by a none too homogeneous combination of reactionary forces—and by many honest voters who took his demagogic promises at face value and thought they were voting for progress. Grau must attempt to carry out the nationalistic, essentially anti-United States and anti-United Nations program of his organized backers. But in doing so he may now find himself seriously handicapped by the majority of those who carried him to power, and who will still count on the leadership of Batista.

The Pope and the Axis

IN COMMENTING upon the Pope's address to the College of Cardinals there is

Mene, Mene, Tekel

SOMETHING mighty serious is bothering the GOP topflight leaders: last week they turned their Big Berthas on the country and fired away at anything resembling democracy, whether spelled with a capital or lower-case "d." Harrison E. Spangler, Gen. James G. Harbord, and Henry R. Luce were the cannoneers in question: the immediate objective was to silence genuine political discussion on the crucial issues of '44.

That somewhat erratic marksman, Mr. Spangler, fired the first round when he demanded that Attorney General Biddle reverse his decision that the CIO's Political Action Committee has violated no laws; something obviously must be illegal in labor's activities if the Dies committee stalwarts keep falling down like ten-pins in a bowling alley. And when Luther Patrick beat John Newsome in Alabama (shortly after Rep. John Costello of California was soundly trounced) it was just too much for Mr. Spangler to bear. He openly joined the pack of southern Bourbons out to lynch labor's PAC. Events have obliged Mr. Spangler's associates to alter their strategy: formerly they had hoped to corral a good slice of the labor vote by adopting a friendly mien toward labor, today they use the bludgeon. That is, so far as the CIO is concerned, for they still hope to do business with some of the AFL hierarchs who have assured them of their deathless loyalty—worthies like William Hutcheson and Matthew Woll.

But this wasn't all. Fearful that Westbrook Pegler, George Sokolsky and the brace of Hearst and Patterson columnists weren't doing enough proselytizing for Herbert Hoover's notions, they turned their attention to the airways. Though eighty-five percent of the nation's press is furiously sniping away at the Commander-in-Chief and his administration, Republican radio nabobs sought to shut off anything on the air which might faintly resemble any clear-eyed presentation of the President's policies.

The National Broadcasting Company suspended the CIO-AFL Labor for Victory program until after the elections. It contended that anything the CIO may say is controversial since it endorsed the President for a fourth term. Reasoning thus, the NBC authorities tried to censor the "I Am an American" program of the CIO on May 14. Although no reference was made to President Roosevelt, the fact that the CIO used the phrase "I am an American—I vote," was considered sufficiently controversial to merit the blue pencil.

It is noteworthy that NBC is owned by the Radio Corporation of America headed by Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, a member of Merwin K. Hart's National Economic Council, a pro-fascist outfit.

And here is where the honorable Henry Luce fits into the picture: the Blue Network, controlled by *Time Magazine*, eliminated the Farm and Home Hour from its schedule because it was sponsored by the Department of Agriculture. This program has been on the air since 1928 when it was started—in Hoover's day—by Milton Eisenhower, the general's brother. It helped the rural community in innumerable ways, providing suggestions ranging from methods of yielding greater crops to household hints for the farmwife. Now it is gone: it might have given the farmer the idea that the Roosevelt administration is beneficial to the countryside. Of course many other reasons were offered for the program's elimination—insufficient popularity with the urban listener, etc., etc.—but the real reason was obvious.

NEW MASSES believes these are serious developments: they strike at the democratic process at a time when it is needed more than ever—a crucial election year which will determine the fate of our land. This gag on free speech—for that is what the combination of events adds up to—threatens everything Americans are fighting for. It is further evidence of the thoroughly reactionary character of the GOP leadership: to combat it requires not only labor's unity, but also the outspoken protest of every loyal American—Republican as well as Democrat or independent.

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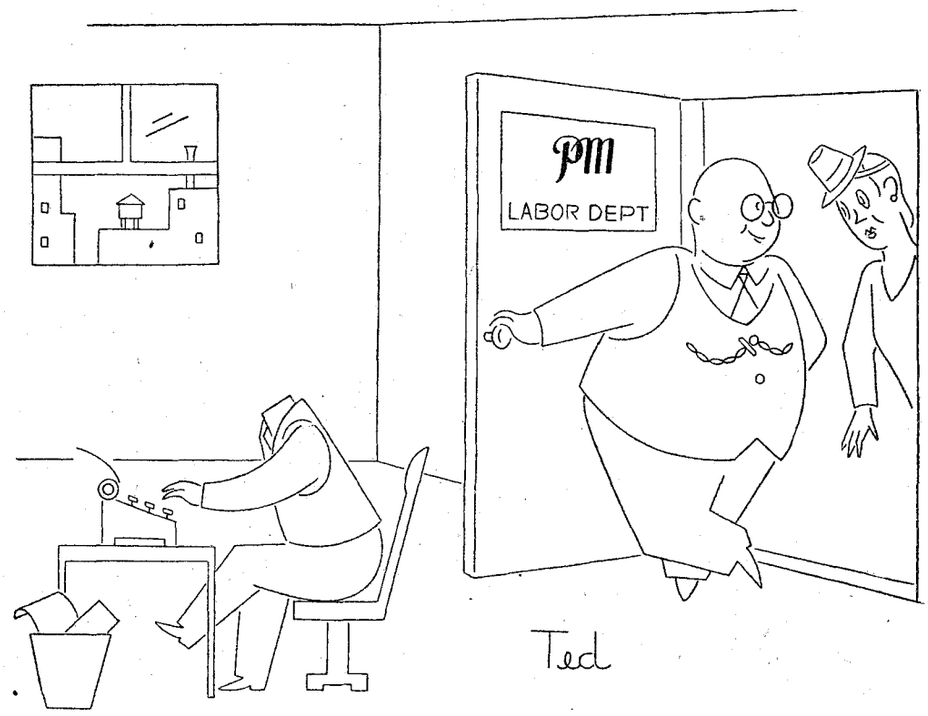
nothing to be gained from observing the standard amenities peculiar to such an occasion. When Pius XII speaks on Catholic Church dogma, then his position is supreme; when he speaks as head of a temporal power and asks that the Allies dilute their impending victory through a negotiated peace, he is open to unqualified rebuke.

There can be no mincing of words in denouncing a Papal precept which recognizes no moral distinction between the belligerents in this titanic struggle. If the Vatican by its neutrality loses much of its moral influence and is grieved by the increasing detachments from the Mother Church, it has no one to blame but its own tragic politics in support of Italian fascism and fascist intervention in Spain. In Poland alone a third of the Catholic clergy has died in Nazi terror campaigns and five thousand languish in German concentration camps. Yet the Vatican asks for a "reasonable" peace with the very evil that is crushing the Church and civilization in Europe. In northern Italy many priests have been arrested on charges of preaching against the fascist regime or of aiding Jews to escape. Yet the Vatican implores the Allies to treat the enemy mercifully when that foe knows no other but the barbaric code of total extermination.

It is we or the Nazis. There is no other moral or political choice. When the Allies warned the satellites to get out of the war and save themselves from destruction no answer was forthcoming. When the USSR offered Finland generous armistice terms they were rejected. Every effort to detach the branches from the rotting Nazi stalk has been to no avail. So it is the Axis that invites annihilation and its only hope now to ward off the final reckoning is a compromise settlement, a breathing space during which it can again accumulate the means with which to renew the conflict. The Pope's words encourage Nazidom to hope and conspire for such an outcome of the war. And on the eve of the decisive military events now unfolding, his address can be interpreted only as special pleading for the enemy's cause.

As We Go to Press

ROME is returned to civilization. This citadel of the black shirts and then the brown, this metropolis of fascism's first triumph now sees the liberators march through its ancient streets while the populace bursts forth to cheer them with flowers and wine. These are the symbols of renewed life and of sunny days again for a generous people. For the Nazis it is an augury of their defeat in Europe. Such is the tormenting thought that afflicts the high command of barbarism. For us and for our armies it is a magnificent victory. We have shown once again that the feet of the *Uebermensch* are made of clay and that the body cannot withstand our will to destroy it. We have shown that we are prepared to write a brilliant final chapter to the war. There were no tricks in gaining this victory. It came by sacrifice and concerted blows. And now the march continues. When Rome falls can Paris—and Berlin—be far behind?



"That's why they hired him."

Warning on Reconversion

PERHAPS it is just as well that the Brewster episode happened at this time, for it provided a microcosm of the national problem of reconversion and sounded a warning to the entire country that unless the transition from war to peace is planned in advance, we face disaster. By their dramatic and disciplined "stay-in" demonstration the 13,500 workers at the Brewster Long Island City and Johnsville, Pa., plants not only helped themselves, but gave a powerful jolt to the business-as-usual approach to reconversion. They showed that American workers do not intend to accept unemployment and the planless shutting down of factories as acts of God. The country is indebted to these men and women, as well as to President Philip Murray of the CIO and Vice President Richard Frankensteen of the United Auto Workers-CIO, who handled the situation so admirably.

There is no need to challenge the wisdom of the decision to terminate the Brewster contract for Corsair fighter planes in order to conclude that in considering only the financial aspect of the problem and disregarding the human factor, the Navy made a serious blunder. This is evidently also the conclusion of War Mobilization Director James M. Byrnes who at President Roosevelt's instructions investigated the Brewster situation. Disregarding the human factor hurts the war effort in at least two ways: it condemns to idleness facilities which can be used for war or essential civilian production, and it impairs the morale of millions of workers.

Thanks to the action of the Brewster workers and to the President's intervention, the Navy almost immediately managed to find work for 2,500 at the Johnsville plant. At this writing steps are also under way to provide additional war work for the Long Island City plant.

But it would be a mistake to place all the blame on the Navy and let it go at that. Basically at fault is the leisurely pace at which the recommendations of the Baruch-Hancock report are being carried out. "Planning of cancellations," said the report, which was issued February 15, "must be integrated both with war procurement and the program for civilian production. Plants and manpower released from one type of war work should be promptly utilized for new war work, but, if not needed for war, as far as practicable for expanding output of the more essential civilian items." Yet it was not till May 25 that the War Production Board created the machinery for doing this job: the Production Planning and Adjustment Committee. And Congress has still not passed such legislation as the Kilgore bill, which would plan and coordinate all the factors in reconversion—military, economic, and human. Essential too, as Sen. James E. Murray pointed out at a meeting of Brewster workers, is the setting up of advisory

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boards or committees with equal representation for industry, labor, agriculture, and the public.

Toward a Permanent FEPC

A BIG lift to the movement to prevent FEPC from being legislated out of business was given late last week by the President. Correspondent McAlpin, who now represents the Negro press at the White House press conference, commenting that there was considerable discussion of the FEPC in and out of Congress, asked the President: "There have been some charges too that the administration has not given the agency appropriation request its active support. Would you care to comment?"

The President did care to, definitely scotching defeatist, anti-administration rumors that the White House was letting FEPC down. He said in no uncertain tones that he would like to have some suggestions on how he could give it more active support.

This was the day after the House passed the Senate-approved blitz against twenty-six agencies created by executive order, which will go out of existence by Jan. 1, 1945, if Congress does not appropriate funds to the specific agencies. Most crucial is the FEPC, which has become to millions all over the country a symbol of the administration's recognition of the Negro's essential role in this people's war against the Axis.

The House has approved appropriations of $500,000 for the FEPC. Immediate pressure to commit Senators to vote for the measure and to restore $85,000 lopped off in the House is in order. The measure may be rushed out of committee and to a vote on the Senate floor this week. No time can be lost in urging its passage.

Hearings have begun before the House Labor Committee on HR 3986, Representative Scanlon's bill creating a permanent FEPC. Representative Marcantonio of New York, author of a similar bill, is also backing the Scanlon and Dawson bills. A petition is being circulated to force the Marcantonio measure, HR 1732, out of the House Judiciary Committee, where it is now bottled up.

Both parties recognize the importance of the Negro vote to some extent, but, as we go to press, no single Senator has agreed to lead the fight for the FEPC on the floor. Actually the Negro people hold the balance of power as potential voters in ten states. This is indicated by the following figures taken from the 1940 census, showing the total number of citizens over twenty-one years old in these states, and the total number of Negroes of voting age:

New York, 8,327,563; 393,056. New Jersey, 2,592,978; 143,661. Pennsylvania, 6,031,192; 299,998. Ohio, 4,404,423; 220,164. Indiana, 2,198,935; 80,451. Illinois, 5,119,854; 263,426. Michigan, 3,131,722; 138,116. Maryland, 1,153,510; 183,719. Kentucky, 1,630,772; 138,001. California, 4,445,677; 90,407. Totals are 1,950,999 Negroes in these states, compared to 39,046,626 whites and Negroes.

Since these figures were obtained by the Census Bureau, some 700,000 Negroes have migrated to industrial centers. A total of 1,500,000 Negroes now are engaged in war industries. With the Supreme Court decision invalidating the Texas white primary, new political stirrings are being felt throughout the South among Negroes, and with the CIO Political Action Committee making a strong appeal to Negro voters, they are likely in various states and communities to prove a decisive factor in November.

Two Days' Work

THE foundation for what may turn out to be one of the most significant and essential organizations for meeting the problems of these last years of war and the reconstruction that will follow was laid at the second wartime conference of the "Professions, the Sciences, the Arts, and White Collar Fields," held in New York this last weekend. We shall deal with the event in considerable detail next week. The conference, which held its first meeting in May 1943, brought together teachers, social workers, doctors, psychologists, dentists, librarians, artists, actors, architects, musicians, curators, writers, lawyers, dieticians, nurses, engineers, office workers, administrators and experts in many technical fields. Highly specialized professional and technical workers, delegates from organizations ranging from the American Academy of Pediatrics to the United Scenic Artists-AFL—from the most representative professional associations of America—sat in three packed sessions to discuss not merely the technicalities of their special fields, but some of the most crucial problems facing the twenty million workers in America whom they represented. School principals, lawyers, statisticians, professors, and businessmen—a veritable Who's Who of names—discussed their relation to the problem of planning for full employment in postwar America. They discussed the plight of the salaried worker, facing high living costs, and not content with registering a plea, specifically called for revamping of War Labor Board controls on substandard salaries, for strengthening of the price control act, better old age, health insurance, hospitalization and medical care provisions than now exist—wants which particularly affect white collar groups. They emphatically rejected exceptions of color, sex, age, or creed in the settlement of war and postwar questions. They opened for preliminary exploration the problems that face highly skilled professionals in reeducation and retraining to meet a multitude of new problems and a host of old unsolved ones from the period now closing. They officially recognized that the solution of all these problems depended on the extension of democracy on both a national and international scale, and on the United Nations sticking together. They discussed what contribution the sciences and professions of America might make toward the rehabilitation of devastated areas and what practical arrangements might be proposed for the mutual enrichment of knowledge and culture among nations, an exchange, it was insisted, that should be free from all paternalism.

Significantly they did not sit down as a group apart, for in the discussion they heard not only from trade unionists representing such white collar fields as the United Office and Professional Workers, the State County and Municipal Workers, and Federal Workers. The first session was addressed by Mr. A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. The panel on full employment included as consultant the legislative director of the United Steelworkers, Mr. Robert Lamb, and the panel on International Collaboration of the Professions in the Postwar World Mr. Albion Hartwell, director of political action for the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers-CIO, and their major preliminary session heard an address by John F. Fennelly, executive director of the Committee for Economic Development. Administration experts from Washington agencies most crucially involved sat on all panels, and two panels were chaired by Senators Claude Pepper, (Democrat, Fla.) and Harley M. Kilgore (Democrat, West Va.) who have concerned themselves especially with national legislation that touches both this group's needs and abilities.

Finally the delegates voted to carry back to their organizations, which represent the greater part of the professional and white collar organizations in the country, the proposal to set up a permanent organization for further work and the interchange of knowledge to be voted on at a reconvention in October 1944. It was an immensely practical session—even though the delegates were mostly impressed with how much still remained to be done—and in its practical frame of mind, voted to set up an interim committee, one of whose tasks would be to present the proceedings of the conference to the national committees of the Democratic and Republican parties before October, and to "publish any comment which these bodies may make on the issues raised by the conference." A handsome two-days' work.

"PM's" Perversities

WHOM the gods would destroy, they first afflict with the madness of Red-baiting. Why any liberal should want to

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eat the experience of Adolf Hitler and Martin Dies is beyond us, but there are such. For example, *PM*. On the eve of the most momentous military operations in history this newspaper believes that the best contribution it can make to national unity is to launch a campaign against the labor leader whose patriotic services have won commendation from workers, employers, and government agencies alike—Harry Bridges. And the editors of *PM*, far from being embarrassed at finding themselves under the sheets with Hearst, Martin Dies, and that select company, defend their scurrilities in the name of (save the mark!) journalistic "independence."

The charge against Bridges is: he is against strikes. To that charge he, Philip Murray and all other responsible labor leaders wholeheartedly plead guilty. Unfortunately for *PM*, at the crest of its campaign against Bridges because, in conformity with labor's no-strike pledge and CIO policy, he had refused to call sympathy strikes at the war plants of Montgomery Ward, R. J. Thomas, head of the United Auto Workers-CIO, issued the sternest rebuke to strikes for any reason whatsoever that has come from any labor leader.

Nothing feazed, this "independent" newspaper suppressed Thomas' statement and merely shifted its ground, this time attacking Bridges for wanting to do away with strikes *after* the war. It seems that Local 6 of Bridges' union, the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, unanimously approved a preamble for all union contracts pledging no strikes for the duration and proposing their elimination in the postwar period as well. As Earl Browder points out in his column in last Sunday's *Worker*, "At least ninety percent, if not more, of all union contracts negotiated in America during the past ten years have contained provisions for the elimination of strikes, and the settling of disputes by arbitration and negotiation." But *PM*, driven by its anti-Communist obsession (which necessarily includes among its victims non-Communists like Bridges) and operating on the defeatist "liberal" theory (which the diehard reactionaries share) that the end of the war must witness an outbreak of bitter class conflicts, is incapable of thinking rationally on the subject.

Judging by the letters from readers that *PM* publishes after each of its Red-baiting sorties, ninety percent of the readers react to this kind of "independence" about the way a normal person does to having his nose thrust into a pile of garbage. It's time the editors stopped worrying that Rankin and Dies might accuse the paper of being "the uptown *Daily Worker*." After four years, it's time *PM* grew up.

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

THREE-WAY SHUTTLE BOMBING

Colonel T's article was prepared and set in type before the news came that Rome had been liberated and the Allies had landed in France. Editorials on these magnificent events appear on pages 2 and 19.—The Editors.

It is entirely possible that the military historians of the second World War will put down the date of June 2, 1944, as the opening of a new phase of the conflict, just as the diplomatic historians will call Dec. 2, 1943 the turning point of the political welding of the alliance of Great Britain, the USA, and the USSR. The latter date, needless to say, is the date of the Declaration of Teheran; the former when the first American bombers landed on Soviet soil where bases had been prepared for them. For convenience' sake we shall call this base "X," located in the Ukraine.

London, Washington, and Moscow formed a political triangle in Teheran. The triangle of great air bases London-"X"-Foggia is one of the first—if not the first—practical embodiments of the other greater triangle. On every bomb falling from the racks of the London-"X"-Foggia shuttle-bombers the Germans will see in letters of fire the word "T-E-H-E-R-A-N."

In fact, when the wheels of the first Flying Fortress touched the black soil of the Ukraine (or rather, the steel matting covering it) the last stone of a great aerial "vault" covering Festung Europa slipped quietly into its place. In order to understand the practical meaning of this event, you will have to take out a map of Europe. It does not have to be a detailed map. For the sake of simplicity mark London, "X", somewhere in the central Ukraine, and Naples (if you can't find Foggia where the great Allied airdromes are and which is about seventy-five miles northeast of Naples). The London-"X"-Foggia triangle is the base on which the great aerial "vault" rests. There is not a single point in continental Europe which is more than 650 air-miles away from either one of these three bases. Wherever an Allied plane might be over Europe, it is never more than 650 miles from an Allied base capable of receiving the heaviest bombers and sending out fighter protection to meet them and escort them to the base.

The center of the "vault" is roughly at Goerlitz, 120 miles south of Berlin. Goerlitz is 650 miles from London, "X", and Foggia. After going through a number of simple geometrical manipulations on our map, we find that all points east of a certain curved line can be bombed more easily under the new London-"X" and Foggia-"X" shuttle system than by flying from London or Foggia to that point and back to the starting point. This curved line runs roughly from Kolberg on the Baltic Sea, through Goerlitz, Olmutz, Arad (in Western Rumania), Kraiova, Plovdiv to Gallipoli. Take, for instance, the city of Breslau where many German ministries and other government agencies were moved after Berlin became somewhat hot. A return trip from London to Breslau means a flight of 1,500 miles. But a flight from London over Breslau to "X" is, say, 1,300 miles. Take Ploesti as another example. Foggia-Ploesti and return equals 1,150 miles while Foggia-Ploesti-"X" is roughly 975 miles. The further east of our demarcation line a point lies, the greater the economy in air mileage. Such important industrial points as Danzig, Bromberg, Posnan, Lodz, Katowice, Gleiwitz, Krakow, Moravska Ostrava, Debrecen, Oradea, the Bulgarian Black Sea ports lie east of the demarcation line and can therefore be bombed with greater ease from now on.

The mileage economy in Allied bombing of Eastern European objectives is, however, not the only advantage accruing from the new shuttle bombing system. There are a number of others, among which the "meteorological" advantage ranks high. Take, for instance, a fleet of bombers flying from London to blast Berlin. When several hours out, say over Brunswick, they get a radio message telling them that the weather over southeastern England has thickened and landing will be hazardous. All they have to do is keep on going to Berlin and then fly straight to "X".

As far as the enemy is concerned, the fact that all his objectives are now within comparatively easy range of Allied bombers is not the only disadvantage. The Germans will have not only to redistribute their anti-aircraft defenses, but they will have to scatter them all over the map. For

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example: Allied bombers are approaching Goerlitz from London. The Germans know that they will go back to London, so they concentrate their fighters in the area of Leipzig, Dresden, and Chemnitz. But after June 2, the Germans don't know anymore by what route these bombers will fly after having loaded their bombs over Goerlitz. They might go to Foggia and they might go to "X". So the Germans have to spread their fighters over a huge circular area around Goerlitz. This is but one small example. In practice the Germans will have to scatter them all over the place. The same applies of course to other AA-defenses, such as guns, searchlights, etc. While spreading their defenses, the Germans will make them thinner at any given point. There being three possible directions of flight for Allied bombers to and from any target, the enemy defenses will be at least three times thinner at any given place (theoretically of course). (We may add that the Allies actually have a fourth base area—in North Africa, say, around Tobruk, which with "X" forms a shuttle most convenient for the bombing of Balkan and Black Sea objectives. It is longer than the Foggia-"X" shuttle, being equal to the London-"X" run, but then it must be considered that the Foggia airfields are perforce restricted in size and cannot be expanded indefinitely because of the terrain; thus Tobruk can "double" for Foggia in a pinch.)

Following the establishment of the three-way bombing shuttle over Europe on June 2, the German Luftwaffe Command, it is reported, met urgently to devise plans for counteracting the new and terrible menace. On June 2, 1944, the vault over the future tomb of Hitlerism was sealed.

This great achievement required tremendous efforts. Plans were laid out in early February and the work started immediately. Giant air fields were built, special ground crews, both Soviet and American, were assembled. It must be remembered that for the present, at least, no air force is self-reliant. The plane is still tied to train, ship, or truck for supplies. Thus a great volume of equipment had to be sent to the USSR by ship via Murmansk and Iran. The Soviets are reported by General Dean, Chief of the US Military Mission in the USSR, to have given American materiel complete transportation priority and to have displayed extraordinary energy and organization in building the bases.

The achievement, we repeat, is not only a technical one. It welds the anti-Hitler front into one monolithic whole. *After all, there is nothing for unity like fighting united.* A flight of Soviet fighters protecting some American bombers who are blasting Germans behind the Eastern Front can do more for mutual understanding than a score of speeches or international good will missions. There is a lot of friendship in a common punch.

IN PASSING . . .

GOVERNOR OLIN D. JOHNSTON of South Carolina, who is giving Sen. Ellison D. (Cotton Ed) Smith stiff opposition in the primary race for the Senate, was in Washington last week, saw the President and, it is assumed, obtained his quiet blessing. Also in the race are Attorney General Daniels, and an attorney from Cotton Ed's part of the state, Mr. Merriman. The Cotton Ed forces are saying Merriman's entry was the most unkindest cut of all, designed to split his following. At any rate, entrenched as he is and a clever campaigner, there is a possible victory for Johnston in sight. If it occurs it will do much to stop the electoral college steal which Republicans and poll-taxers are plotting—at least to halt it in South Carolina, where the Democratic convention postponed its decision as to whom to support for President until after the national Democratic convention. The plan of the "Southern Democratic Party" is to cause a stalemate in the electoral college, prevent a majority for the President, and throw the election into the House.

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A CLEVELAND "Plain Dealer" columnist, Russell Reeves, has pointed out that in the recent Ohio Democratic primary former Rep. Martin L. Sweeney, Coughlinite whom he described as a pillar of the League for Social Justice and active in the United Mothers, ran first in twenty-one out of eighty-eight counties. Although his total vote was only 64,227, compared to Mayor Frank Lausche's vote of 179,961, which won him the nomination for governor, Sweeney was a powerful vote getter in those counties known for a strong isolationist trend. Reeves found that that vote was "compounded of ignorance, misguided thinking . . . and sympathy for Germany among some of the German-Americans," as well as "hatred for President Roosevelt."

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THERE is not a single northern Democrat on the Senate Appropriations subcommittee considering FEPC appropriations—which mean its continued existence or its end. There are some western Democrats, but the subcommittee is loaded with such white supremacists as Chairman McKellar (Tenn.), Overton (La.), Russell (Ga.) and Bankhead (Ala.). Millard E. Tydings of Maryland has indicated he may support FEPC. So has Gerald Nye (Rep., N. D.), who may not fancy giving his liberal opponent, Rep. Usher L. Burdick, further opportunity to shoot at him following his refusal to support cloture along with other Republicans who helped kill HR 7, the anti-poll tax measure. Other subcommittee members are Glass, Hayden, Thomas (Okla.), McCarran, O'Mahoney, and Republicans Holman, Brooks, Bridges, and Gurney.

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IT HAS now been established that a hitherto fairly obscure figure in Georgia by the name of Goolsby who declared himself as "the people's candidate" for the Senate, opposing the entrenched Senator George, is not a stalking horse for George. It was feared for a time he might be planning to retire at an opportune time in favor of George, who has never been accused of being a people's candidate. Goolsby is considered likely to roll up a farily sizeable protest vote.

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FAVORED reading for defendants at the sedition trial: the Chicago "Tribune." A copy of an issue printed since the opening of the trial was found on a table in the corridor just outside the courtroom, where a little group of defendants had been chatting. It was addressed to the National Workers League, Box 701, Detroit, a subscriber. This is the Nazi outfit of which George E. Deatherage was an executive board member, the prosecution has pointed out.

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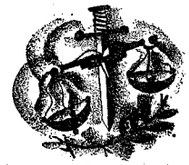
BACK from Italy, Maj. George S. Roberts, twenty-five-year-old commander of the all-Negro Ninety-ninth Fighter Squadron, in telling the press the story of the unit's first year of combat operations, said only twenty percent is left of the original outfit. Three planes and pilots are missing, two men were killed, and one is believed a prisoner. Others were sent back here as casualties or to instruct.



The time grows short. Morris U. Schappes has been in prison six long months. The crucial battles for the defense of our democracy approach their climax, and still this uncompromising anti-fascist, refused a pardon by no less a person than a major candidate for the presidency of the United States, remains behind bars. Have you done everything you can to convince Gov. Thomas E. Dewey that neither he nor the nation can afford to keep an active patriot out of the fight?

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PICASSO: A TIMELESS ARTIST

By JUAN MARINELLO

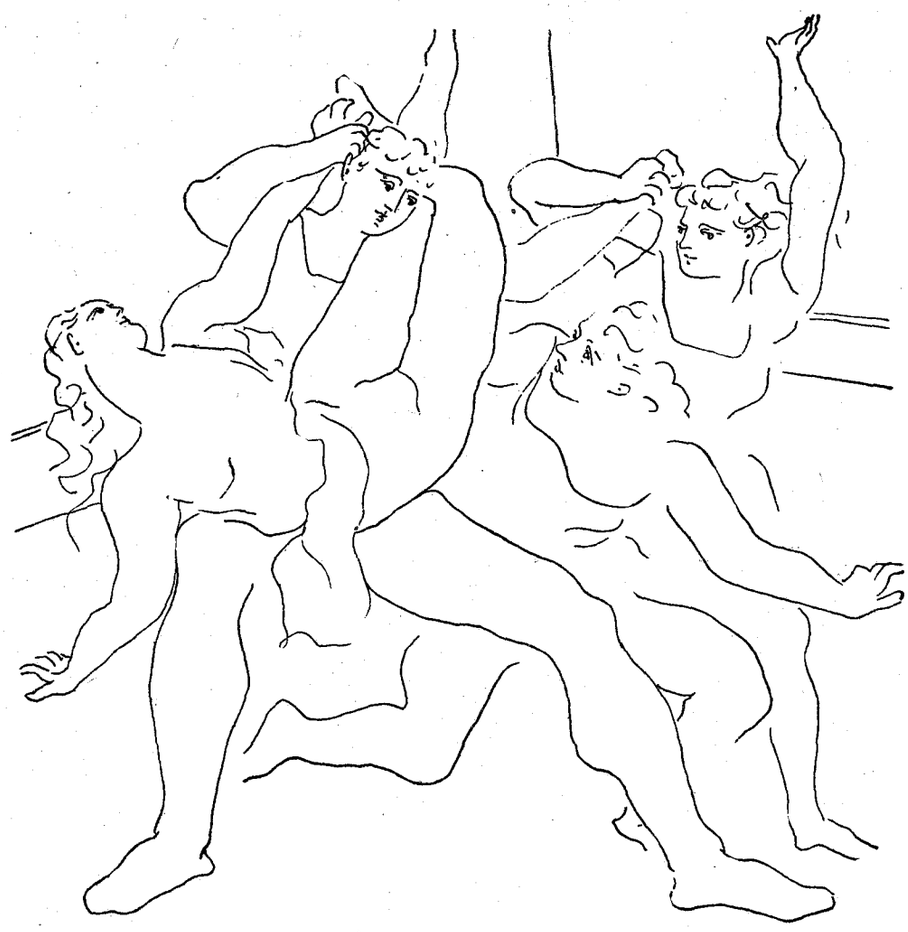
TRANSLATOR'S NOTE—*Juan Marinello, a member of the Cuban cabinet, is one of Latin America's leading men of letters, a poet and literary critic of distinction and a widely known writer on political subjects. In the past seventeen years he has published more than a score of books in Havana, Mexico, Madrid, and Paris. He is the author of works on the revolutionary Cuban leaders, Jose Marti and Antonio Maceo. Among his critical volumes are "Poetics, Essays in Enthusiasm," published at Madrid in 1937, and "Hispanic American Literature: Men and Meditations," which appeared in Mexico the same year. If Luis Alberto Sanchez may be said to be Latin America's bourgeois critic par excellence, Marinello is the critic of the left. A member of the Popular Socialist Party (formerly called the Communist Party) of Cuba, he has distinguished himself by his services to the Spanish people's cause. His "Spanish Moment" was published at Valencia in 1937. The following paper was read at the Picasso exhibition organized by the Lyceum-Lawn Tennis Club in Havana.*—SAMUEL PUTNAM.

WE HAVE had occasion to view, in Havana, a good collection of the latest canvases of Picasso, a Picasso who for many is hard to understand. This exhibition has, to a certain degree, struck an irritating, a polemic note; to the point where we, who are neither a critic nor on the way to being one, have been led to lay aside the blushing timidity of the uninitiate, and, on our own account and at our own risk, and in the presence of these provocative pictures, to speak our mind in the matter.

Once the intruder realizes his hardihood, he commonly has resort to one of two exits: either he falls back upon the miraculous and the impossibility of expressing it; or he seeks a justification in enthusiasm, with an allusion also to intuitive capacities which open the path to knowledge and which at times guide one aright. Have no fear that we may follow either of these tendencies. It would be a dangerous thing, and by no means original, to praise a lack of initiation as the basis of artistic understanding; and it would be equally perilous to intrust to the hazards, the happy chance, of divination one of the most delicate and important phases of our cultural life. We can neither defend nor encourage an adventurous undertaking which may lead in the end to a pristine discovery, or to one's being lost in a narrow, blind, and echoing passageway.

I cannot undertake anything like that, but will merely say that the profession of criticism, like all professions, is bordered and bound by illustrious memories, and the critical vision is almost always the prisoner of precedent. One is a critic to the degree in which he has mastered essential lessons, concepts whose formal mold is to be found in classic examples and realizations, whether very ancient or quite contemporary. Whence it is, every task that is laid upon the critical judgment becomes a life and death struggle, an inevitable conflict, between that which is judged and that which is known, that is to say, between that which is strange and that which is our intellectual possession. And comparison and contrast, the source of good understanding, frequently become mooring cables, confining to an obligatory course the roaming eye, which, in its trajectory between that which is judged and the point of reference, not only fails to grasp certain rich circumstantial allusions, but, what is more serious, fails to perceive the central values of the work in question.

A personal incident recently led me to think much along these lines. The other afternoon I was riding in a trolley-car in a city street. Now it is well known how conducive this slow-moving public conveyance



"Four Ballet Dancers," drawing in pen and ink by Picasso.
From "Modern Drawings." Courtesy of Museum of Modern Art.

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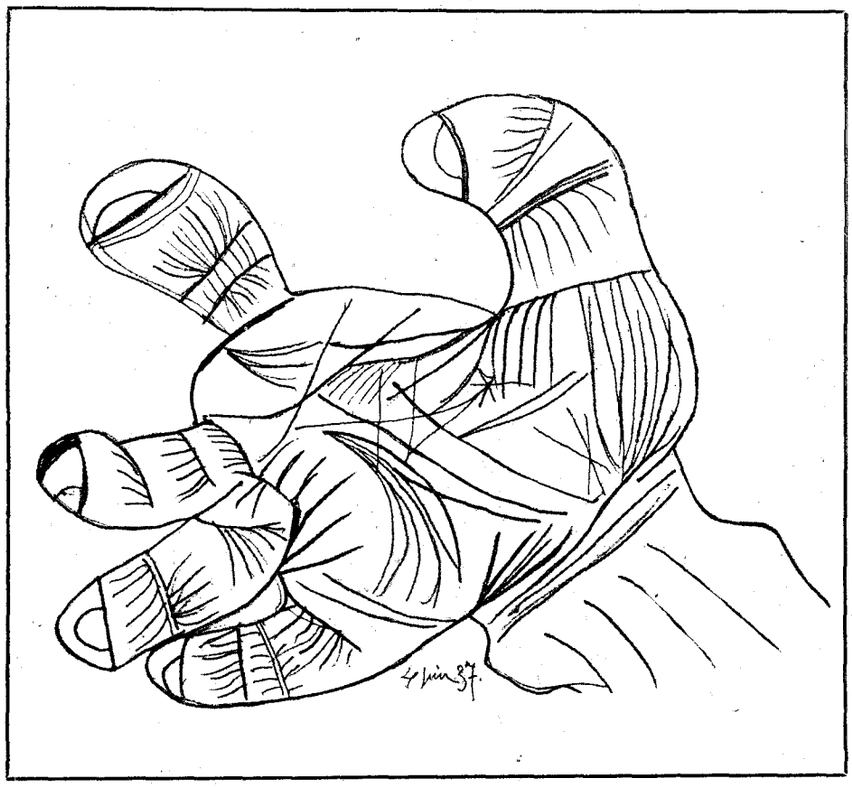

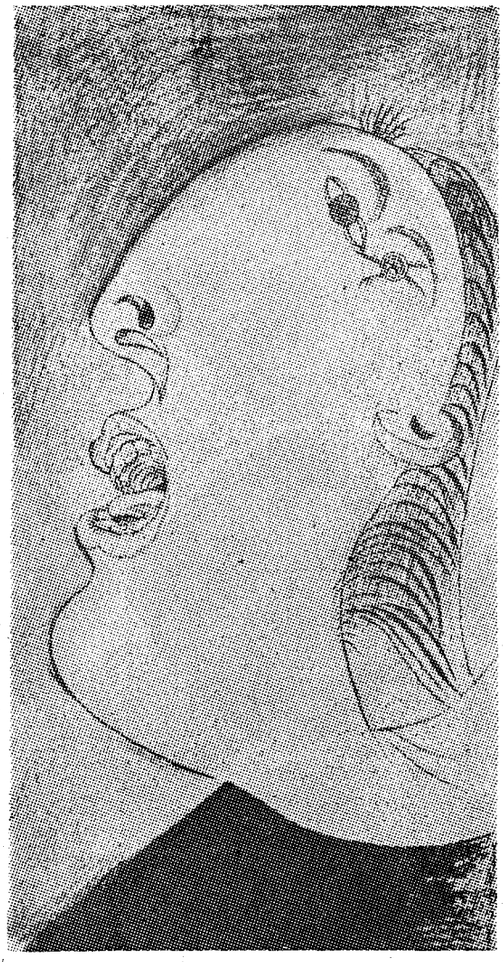

(Above) Pencil and gouache study of a hand for the Guernica mural by Picasso.

(Right) Pencil and crayon study of a head for the Guernica mural by Picasso.

From "Modern Drawings." Courtesy Museum of Modern Art.

is to magnificent mind-wanderings. I am not going to advertise the street railway company by recommending that poets, painters, and musicians travel by trolley; I am merely rendering the latter a loyal service by situating them in an adequate environment, with a nice balance of the circumstances necessary to creation: leisure and movement, *ma non troppo*. I cannot say whether or not we shall one day have cause to lament the absence of this blessing; for a blessing it is, in a world in which one is compelled to live between distances, that a transport vehicle can provide the artist with a good workshop. One thing I do affirm, however, and that is that through a trolley-car window creators more than once have seen fall the prophetic apples of their major gravitations.

As I say, I was riding in a trolley through the city streets when something happened to me that has had much to do with my decision to write about Picasso. I was engaged in ruminating, to the monotonous and suggestive rumble of the aged wheels, my mind taken up with stubborn preoccupations. At the same time my eyes were fixed upon a tall and distant structure. Inasmuch as my judgment was not fastened upon the building itself, but only upon that portion of it which was striking me in the face, the contemplation of the architectural lines produced in me a pure and austere geometric pleasure, like the quieting of a pressing doubt. But when the structure came near, things underwent a change, and the building's immediate presence usurped command of my troubled meditations. The boundary lines of stone against the sky imposed themselves crudely; and when the house was in full view—the act of judgment—I was unpleasantly surprised. Those intersecting lines were without any pretense to style; yet in their freedom from allusiveness they had served as the inspiring background to my soliloquy; but now they were seen to be merely a cheap and utterly banal reproduction. They were lines full of history, of precedent, of bastard intention. It was an intersection not of surfaces but of stylistic mannerisms. And all style is a suspect reproduction.

This fact disturbed me greatly. There was no doubt that it posed a grave problem: could it be that esthetic enjoyment, in its effective purity and all its plenitude, comes to us only when it is not muddied by a limiting, historical *placement*, in the exact sense of the word? It surely could not mean that such pleasure was to be encountered only in the barbarous, or in the dream-state: in the man of the wilds, who is not capable of allusions for the reason that he has nothing to which to allude; or in the man of the city, absent mindedly drowsing beside the window of a trolley-car in motion.

I believe that what this incident has to teach us is that an esthetic shock possesses a greater significance, a greater power, the freer it is of the imperative of style, of history. Here perhaps lies the proof by fire, the highest test of an artistic work. That is to say: if those stone lines in my case had withstood the test of nearness; if they had sustained, to the point of total domination, that noble dominion which they already had exerted over me; if they had not, at a moment when everything was expected of them, alluded to a style which I could not respect; if they had heightened by their presence the initial impression of purity, then the esthetic adventure would have been the most worthwhile that one could wish.

I think that this is what happens in the case of the man of genius whom we are evoking here. His *quilate rey*, his seal of royal worth, lies in his being a creator without history, without pretexts, without archives or interpretation. I do not know, to tell the truth, what a professor of the history of art, who was at the same time capable of understanding this *quilate rey* of Picasso, would do when confronted by the latter's ardent disciples. For here, in the case of this man, a stranger to the world's cultures, there is left not even the

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recourse of contemporary comparison. With that violent, dislocated, yet effective truth which is to be found in all exaggeration, it may be said that he has nothing of others and that the others, the painters of his time, all have something of him. There thus remains but one resort, nor is it essentially a valid one: a comparison with himself, the converting of the artist, in greater or less degree, into a history of his time. By doing so we shall not get any further; for Picasso is a man not of stages but of moments, and the best we can do is to set over against his eloquent monsters of today those pure-lineage clowns, taking breath for improbable leaps which were the delight of Picasso lovers of fifteen years ago.

It is my belief that a profound investigation of Picasso's art would lead us to designate it as a primitivism of a new brand, one that is up to the level of its anguished time, up to the high level of the great time that is coming in. The endeavor of the primitive is, in the light of his convictions, to find his way effectively between his fervent calculations and his illuminated experiences. So with Pablo Picasso. The only thing being that our creator has to support upon his Atlas shoulders a world of full-blown forms which was a burden that the primitive of yesterday did not have to bear. For this reason—and this will be seen more clearly tomorrow than it is at present—the strength of this fighter-painter is so great that he creates even while seeking, without the quest interfering with the creation. His canvases are like a royal highway which leads to many miraculous landscapes while constituting in themselves a *paysage* without an equal.

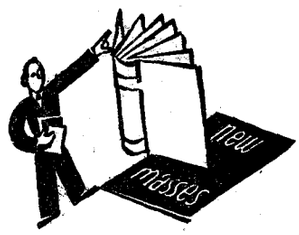
When we come to think about the higher significance of Picasso's work, the question of its essentially Spanish quality is always raised. This is good enough as a fruitful point of departure for a discussion. He is—so we are told—a man of sonorous solitudes, like Fray Luis; of sheltered and girded solitudes, like Gongora; of solitudes illuminated by courtly grace, like Lope de Vega. But to me, undoubtedly by reason of my lack of artistic initiation, all this has always seemed rather literary. Picasso has nothing to do with the still waters of the harbor; whoever gives himself to creation suffers a thirst which neither illustrious anchorites such as Fray Luis, nor genteel solitaries such as Gongora, nor restless mirrors such as Lope can ever know.

EVERY man is the son of his native soil, and Picasso's Spanish eyes are not disloyal to their maternal light. There is in them, however, a loyalty so profound, so up to the level of their destiny, that their roving glance ends by situating the Spanish element in a universal dimension such as only appears over the world in those days when men are greeting the arrival of a new way of life. It must be for this reason, I say to myself, that I have always thought of Picasso as the substance of a Spain that is older that the Golden Century, a formless, prophetic Spain, the genetic chaos of a Spain that has not been: the Spain of the Cid, of the Arcipreste, and of La Celestina. The universality of men comes to them out of their time, out of the heartbeat of their days. The longing for the universal is by way of being an impalpable measure of spiritual depth, on the part of a life that is anxiously directed toward the future. Of all Spaniards, the one who had the deepest vision of the world was without a doubt the Rey Sabio, the Wise King. None so deep-rootedly Spanish as he, none so familiarly foreign to the frontiers of Spain. Like Pablo Picasso.

Only in the strong and eager Spain of the Rey Sabio are certain conceptions possible which I would term Picassian. There is only one book produced by men—and it is a book of this Spanish time—in which appear a woman without form and a man out of time: the *Amadis*.[1] Could there be a more ambitious mode of conceiving eternity? Eternity with a human brand, which is here the important thing, the deepest aspect of the matter. When men who write have wished to give us an idea of the eternal, what they have given us has been the idea of the immutable; for that which changes, decays; it degenerates; it dies; to concede change is to concede death; it is to betray immutability, eternity. For this reason it is that the sphinxes, who have to look out upon the world for long ages, are not able to shift the direction of their gaze. But in the *Amadis*, human eternity, surprisingly enough, is conceived *as change*, expressed in its most important phase: the continuous transformation of the person, which leaves the impulse to eternity a living one but without identification. Amadis is the Man Out of Time, and Urganda the Unknown Woman. *Out of Time*, for the reason that his destiny is not to be measured by the ordinary standards and his anxiety transcends the hours. *The Unknown*, because Urganda's transformations bestow upon her immortality, since she never can remain fixed in a definite form and so, by changing, perish.

Amadis Out of Time is for his day the most universal of Spaniards, the least local of all the personages of the peninsular world. He accordingly finds a relationship with all worlds, all origins have been attributed to him, yet he has remained in his own world, the Spanish world of his ex-

[1] *Amadis of Gaul* comes down to us in a Spanish or Portuguese romance of the second half of the fifteenth century, but derives from lost originals of an earlier period. An abridged version of this legendary chivalric romance was published by the English poet Robert Southey in 1803.



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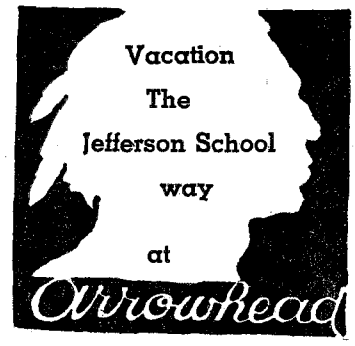
ploits. So Picasso. Picasso has made use of his marvelous Spanish eyes without any obstructing media or respected architectures: *without form, without time*. He has thus achieved the rare miracle of not knowing himself, his own successive, unrelated lives, the assemblage of lives—and of images—that look upon one another and upon themselves like frightened guests in the hostelry of human existence.

These rare and plenary virtues, these *Amadistic* virtues, make of Picasso the most perfect artistic witness of his time, and it may be that he bears no real relationship to any, unless it be to Chaplin. Here, the old cliche comes to mind: star witness. One has but to pass in review, with a little fervor of understanding, the gigantic body of his work in order to discover how much there is of hope-filled grief, of light-flooded anguish, and of stalking terror in this age of ours. His work, human and abstract, is the dramatic crux of the evasions and loyalties to which a time of liquidation condemns those who come out of yesterday and who possess the eyes of tomorrow. His prostitutes and drunkards are not so far distant from cubism as has been believed; his elegant bulls of the day before yesterday are blood-brothers of the bulls of Guernica; a deep breath of artistic efficacy and of justice breathes life into them, slays them, and lets them live again.

In a purely historical sense, and therefore without any sentimentality, it may be said that Pablo Ruiz Picasso, Spaniard at large like Amadis of Gaul, has achieved a fitting culmination to his career, as the star witness of his age. Without these last days, our hero would have lacked the stature to enable him to speak definitively to the men of tomorrow. His has been the privilege, and we know at the cost of what tragic writhings, to be undauntedly loyal to the call of the blood and the call of conscience.

The call of the blood, a thing so singularly Spanish, is in his *Guernica* and the *Dream and Lie of Franco*. When his sober and ardent land was mocked by total treason, this man, this seeker of creation and creator of the sought, felt a tremor in his veins; he was offended by the barbarous gash in the universal root which had been torn up from the soil of Catalonia and Andalusia. His disquieting maturity, his great reputation each day fought for and each day remade, his strength that is always athirst, were now, without precipitateness or undue haste, brought to bear upon the great native theme. The frivolous and the ignorant—never the people, who can be neither of these things—thereupon spoke of the spectacular pirouette of the master of cubism; but those who knew him, and who knew how thick is Spanish blood down the centuries, those who had never failed to see in his transitions the



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agonizing thirst of a man endowed with exceptional powers, girth, and stature, and constantly in quest of form and time—these now saw in his service to Spain not merely a natural mode of expression of his genius, but an obligatory one. The torn bodies of Guernica, which are Picassian to the last degree, have told the world more about the grief of Spain than have the thousands of just proclamations and brave-sounding articles.

This audience is familiar with the much publicized episode in which the actors are Otto Abetz, the Hitlerian proconsul in Paris, and the painter Picasso. In brief, it runs as follows: the proconsul makes a call upon the painter, for whom he has a rancorous admiration, and whom he looks upon as a powerful enemy rendered untouchable by reason of his genius. Picasso, in his home in occupied Paris, is chatting with a group of friends, when in the doorway there appears, bowing and obsequious, the Nazi ambassador. Cold greetings; offers to the painter which he refuses. And then, by way of bridging the gap in the conversation, Otto Abetz says: "I should like to see some of your better things." Picasso takes out one of his canvases, an excellent reproduction of Guernica. Abetz understands, but pretends to be for once the civilized man of the world. "It is undoubtedly the best thing you have done, *Maitre*." And Picasso, annoyed by this: "It was not I who did it; it was you people."

This anecdote—a Picassian one—has much to say of a categorical nature; for wrapped up in it and expressed by it is an entire definition of culture and of politics: *you people; we*. That says it all. As I was telling you, Picasso is the star witness of his age. The witness of his age, not of his impassioned people. For Guernica was Spain, and Otto Abetz is Spain, and France, and Europe, unhappy and despairing. And it is Picasso, Spaniard out of time, who serves as the link between Guernica, cradle of a people's liberty, and France, mother of liberty to a world. This anecdote which, frequently reproduced in the periodical press, has brought a smile to the lips of many, affords the supreme yardstick for measuring the great question of the present day; for here we have the dissimulated terror of barbarism confronted by the firmness and immobility of one who feels the work of art as blood of his veins and conscience.

SPEAKING of Picasso in the presence of his canvases, one cannot avoid giving expression to a concern for his life. Picasso is in Paris. That is a tremendously significant and dangerous fact. Up to now his fame has protected him; but there arrives at last the moment when fame itself becomes an insufferable offense; it is like a magnet present everywhere and which must be destroyed in order to destroy its

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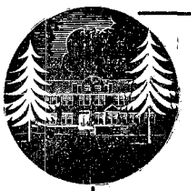

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attractive power. Recall the case of Federico Garcia Lorca. And Picasso himself has reminded us: those who today are destroying Paris, destroyed Guernica yesterday. Among wild beasts, upon occasion, the highest honor is the greatest ferocity, a ferocity that is uncalled for. Picasso is not a man of arms nor of military age. A brush, however illustrious and universal it may be, cannot hold out against the sword. Thanks to that initiative which comes from a fullness of artistic powers, and of which only a creator of his stature is capable, Picasso in his painting may yet have in store for us the greatest of surprises. The world may be thankful that the moment is yet distant when he can say, with the classic author of his land: "If only I had blood in my veins as I have thoughts in my head." Thought and blood, strength and thirst are in the man who—and this is his distinguishing mark—is ignorant of the future path along which his thirst and his strength may lead him.

America ought to give asylum to Pablo Picasso. Mexico, Brazil, the United States, Cuba? It is possible that Cuba, so Spanish and so African, might be for Picasso, of Spanish roots and Negro devotion, an active and a fertile retreat. If only by his decision he might invalidate those verses of Alfonso Reyes:

. . . Cuba—which never saw Gauguin,
which never saw Picasso. . . .

And if, by his contact with America, he might find in our unrest a phase of his transient progress and his destiny. If only in him our peoples might touch the flesh of the man without form and out of time. If only our artists in his neighboring presence might learn to look upon time as a wall for limitless and formless creation, and to behold in Picasso an example of creation out of time.

Translated from the Spanish by Samuel Putnam.

A Filipino Father

THE LAUGHTER OF MY FATHER, *by Carlos Bulosan. Harcourt, Brace. $2.*

IN THESE light short-short stories Father laughs and the Bulosans laugh with him and sometimes—for instance when the rich man next door had them locked up for stealing "the spirit of his food"—the whole town laughs with them. Father also causes laughter when he gets drunk with a ram, or when he wangles the political plum of jailer of the local lockup. He is proud when Carlos is suspected of having won a bride from her groom on the wedding night—as proud as when he boasts that his boy prefers wine to food. Father can also take corrupt elections in his stride. He visits all the candidates, accepts whatever bribes they offer and then votes for his brother—who also has to pay for the vote.

The Bulosans know hunger, for there are days when their only food is grass and leaves. Their tiny hut stands on bamboo poles, but Father, in a generous mood during one of the lean years, gives the family home to a cousin as a wedding gift. Mother is absent at the time and when she comes home—to a house that has been taken away—she smacks Father in the face and leaves him. So Father pretends that he is dead—a hilarious incident—and Mother comes back, and soon there is laughter again.

All the stories capture a real folk feeling. The reader chuckles, grins and enjoys himself but he is left with a picture of peasant psychology and surroundings that he will always remember. Mr. Bulosan, a young Filipino, writes easily, and he carefully keeps the tragic experiences of his poverty-stricken people from intruding on the gaiety which is their main weapon against bitterness and self-pity. I, for one, hope that the author will attempt a book in which the heroes of Bataan and Corregidor will be depicted without too much comedy and nostalgia. Till that day we can be grateful for *The Laughter of My Father.*

T. C. Foxx.

Brief Review

FACTS ON FILE YEARBOOK, 1943. *Edited by R. L. Lapica assisted by C. L. Jones and H. P. Malkus. Facts on File, Inc. $20.*

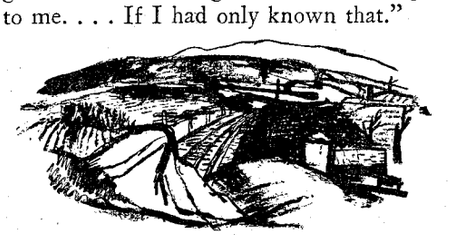
THIS volume is as excellent a reference work as the previous two issues. It is a concise and compact guide to national and world affairs, saving time and energy in research.

Each week's news is divided under a number of headings such as Finance and Economics, Arts and Science, Education and Religion, Sports, etc. The events in each group are digested chronologically, and a glance at the index in back of the volume tells you exactly where to look for what. Editors, students, teachers—anyone who has occasion to go back to the events of 1943—will find this diary indispensable.

Hans Schmidt

(*Continued from page 15*)

He shook his head. "Oh, how they have lied to us. All lies. All rubbish. If I had only known that." Then he turned to the other German prisoners and asked them with a scornful voice: "Well, *Kameraden,* did the Russians shoot you? The Russians gave me their bandages . . . their bandages to me. . . . If I had only known that."



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THE FOX-HOLE CIRCUIT

THE name is George Finkleberg. Just an average guy from New York. Plays the piano for a living . . . been doing it for twenty years now, ever since he was a kid in Brooklyn.

No, you probably don't know him. But you ought to. He's been working for you.

How? Well, remember the donation you made to the National War Fund—you know, the one you just deducted from your income tax. That went to pay George's salary as a trouper for USO-Camp Shows. He would have done it for nothing, but he has a wife to support and there's a baby on the way. Besides, you wouldn't have wanted him to work for nothing. He's no Hollywod star. At that, you've been getting a bargain. He can make twice as much with any band in town.

Well, George has just come back from a nine-month tour of the South Pacific bases. He was out with singer Jackie Heller and comedian Lew Parker. If you think it was a vacation, think again. Those South Pacific islands are no picnic grounds. From the middle of December to April every year, those islands are under rain—continuous, driving, maddening rain. The felt on the piano notes swells up, the keys stick, the instrument goes out of tune, and the rain keeps on coming down.

Sometimes they get hold of a tarpaulin and cover up the piano. It's a joke. Nothing keeps that rain out. The entertainers work in mud. Parker and Heller come out in raincoats, rainhats, and rubber boots. The soldiers sit in the open downpour watching the boys put on their numbers. Half the time the mike goes dead and George has to pound out the music above the downbeat of the rain. And if the mike works, the portable generator they carry around with them gets soaked. But somehow or other they put on their act. Somehow or other they get their laughs.

It's a strange thing to hear 200 soggy soldiers laugh in a steaming jungle. It's even stranger to see three top-ranking entertainers doing their stuff in a muddy clearing without lights, without costumes, to the beat of an off-tune piano. But that's trouping. That's bringing the smell of Times Square and Main Street to millions of servicemen on the remote battlefields of this war. It's giving them a little bit of laughter and a lot of relaxation. And it's happening every day, in all climates and under all conditions, miles behind the battle lines and right up where the thunder of the guns competes with the sound of music and the laughter of men. American show business has really gone to war.

Since October 1941, when the "Flying Showboat" took off with its load of USO-Camp Shows talent for its 13,000-mile tour through the hot, grinding circuit of the Caribbean, over 1,100 entertainers have gone overseas to play for servicemen on the battlefront. Their names are the record of show business at war. Of their number, seventy-five are Hollywood great or near-great—men and women who gave their talents freely and without charge as part of their war job. For their services in the cause of morale large credit must go to the Hollywood Victory Committee, which organized and translated their willingness into action. The job they have done—and are still doing—is worth recording. They have travelled far and worked hard, taking things in their stride, not complaining. They have been troupers.

The other names among the 1,100 are not so well known. They are the "soldiers in greasepaint"—the rank and file vaudeville players, the concert artists both known and unknown, the musicians, the dancers who have signed up with Camp Shows "for the duration."

These men and women are the backbone of the overseas entertainment program. Time and time again they have gone out for three months, six months, eleven months, never knowing their final destination, placing themselves in the hands of the War Department with the knowledge that they were fighting the war in the way they know best. They have played in the fifty-below temperatures of the Alaska Highway; in sandstorms on the Sahara Desert; in the jungles of the South Pacific; on Pantelleria between bombings; in the mud of Italian roads; in Iceland, in England, in the Caribbean, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, the Near East—wherever American servicemen were stationed. Often they were a mile behind the fighting lines, put on their shows to the competition of roaring guns, jumped into fox-holes when the raids came over.

Some of them died in the line of duty. Many of them came back with the conviction that they never again could play for civilian audiences until the war was won. So they went out again, eating and living with GI's; traveling by plane, boat, jeep, and blimp over some of the toughest courses in the world; giving three and four shows a day, sometimes to lonely outposts of ten men and at other times to vast audiences of ten and twenty thousand fighters. And they have been appreciated in a way they never before experienced on the concert platforms and vaudeville stages of peacetime America. They have been touched so deeply that they choke up when they tell about it. Army censors report that outgoing mail from soldiers increases tenfold when an entertainment unit has been in camp. They have something good to write home about.

TODAY USO-Camp Shows is operating the biggest theatrical circuit in history. During the past two years its Victory and Blue circuits have given close to 40,000 performances before a total audience of over 30,000,000 servicemen in the United States alone. Overseas statistics are not released for security reasons, but the number of entertainers leaving American shores has kept pace with intensified operations on all fighting fronts.

What this entertainment means to the fighting man is clear from the letters that have come back home. One of the best of them was a letter from Capt. Milton Uhley about Ella Logan. Here's what he wrote from North Africa: "On the dampish cold night of November 11, there came to our depot Camp Show 118, consisting of Ella Logan, Edith Delaney, and Jerry Shelton. A large van was backed up against the rear door of the theater and served as their dressing room; it was not quite as elaborate as others they had seen, I'm sure. Nor was the theater. Our show-house is a huge Nissen hut which ordinarily is packed with boxes of aircraft machine guns, these same boxes serving as chairs for the spectators. The stage itself is a rather loose planked wooden platform, with a forward, obviously amateurish reflector shielding the half dozen lights. The audience that night consisted of several hundred men, about sixty percent of whom were colored, who perform the assigned tasks of this outfit such as assembly, maintenance, and delivery of the guns as well as aerial bombs. The show was about thirty minutes late, because of poor transportation facilities, and while the technicians hurriedly set up the microphone, Ella came on. Her stage presence and poise took an indescribable hold on the audience. Softspoken, sincere,

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warm, as though addressing each person there in individual conversation, she immediately won their attention and admiration. She sang as I've never heard anyone sing before. Her voice is hardly beautiful, is not a cultured voice, but the depth of feeling, the genuineness, the heart, put into every phrase was more than inspired . . . she really gave herself to the fellows who listened that night. And after Edith and Jerry had done their routine, she came back and sang again, and if Jerry didn't know the music she sang without accompaniment. The audience responded terrifically, and she sang more. I believe that of the entire show, she must have carried an hour and ten minutes. (The show lasted about an hour and forty minutes). At one point in the performance, the generator must have run out of gas, for the lights went out, and as though controlled by a master switch, about seventy-five hand-held flashlights were immediately focussed on the stage. That instantaneous gesture of responsiveness almost brought tears to Ella's eyes, as she later told us, and her song went right on. Another time, after she had sung about a dozen songs, she turned to the audience and said, 'Fellas, am I keeping you from anything?' and a colored kid yelled back, 'Yeh, sufferin.' They clapped their hands, snapped their fingers, and rolled in their seats with their great natural rhythm, never disturbing the show by becoming too loud, but becoming part of the background. Their uncontrollable 'jive' remarks were not only forgivable, but made them a part of the show itself. It was terrific."

No, they're not all terrific. They can't hope to be. But the spirit back of them is. It's the kind of spirit that made Ella Logan write: "Here is a little daisy I picked up as I stepped off the plane in Africa. In spite of Mr. Hitler, things are still growing. . . . If, please God, Germany falls while we are still over here, we will go into Berlin with the Army. I'd like to sing a medley of 'Give My Regards to Broadway,' 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and 'Yiddishe Momme' right on *Der Fuehrer's* doorstep."

C. L.

Films of the Week

A DIVERSIFIED lot—the films of the past week: *The Eve of St. Mark*, Twentieth-Century Fox's picture from Maxwell Anderson's play; *Mr. Skeffington*, a Warners' venture into character analysis; *Taxi to Heaven*, Soviet musical; and last, Rene Clair's none too successful fantasy *It Happened Tomorrow*. There would be little point in attempting to stack up the four of them against one another to determine their rank. They simply won't stack. Therefore, permit the present reviewer (Mr. Foster manages to skip town at the most inconvenient moments) a brief seriatim discussion of each of them.

You can put down *The Eve of St. Mark* as absolutely first rate. I'd gladly let it go at that. But it would seem that the film requires special pleading. There is a tendency in some quarters, notably the precincts of Bosley Crowther, New York *Times*, to consider *The Eve of St. Mark* rather old hat. An erroneous conception to say the least. We feel no hesitation in placing *The Eve* at the top of the class smack up against *Destination Tokyo*, *Purple Heart*, and *Guadalcanal Diary*. To be sure, comparisons are invidious, but we may as well out with it. We felt more closely drawn to the substance, to the characters and actual craft of *The Eve of St. Mark* than to its worthy predecessors, most excellent though they be. The production impresses as completely genuine—a quality that pervades the work of every performer in the cast and the directorial contribution of John M. Stahl. You'll shell out at the box office a long time before encountering such beautiful reading of lines, such sensitive evocation of character. By all means attend.

The one or two gripes *The Eve of St. Mark* occasioned in the critical columns are as nothing compared to the storm of abuse *Mr. Skeffington* stirred up. Offhand it would be difficult to recall a single sympathetic advocate of the picture's purpose and execution. Despite the film's rigors—a running time of well over two hours, a somewhat strained performance by Miss Bette Davis (Miss Davis, by the way, is one of this reviewer's prime favorites—we'll take her strain and all)—it is a thoroughly praiseworthy enterprise. There can be little gainsaying *Mr. Skeffington's* purpose and less, far less, of the movie craftmanship expended on it.

Briefly, the film presents us with a painstaking portrayal of a misspent life—the terrifying routine of vapidities of the professional "best-dressed" beauty—the debutantes of the centuries rolled into one—Mrs. Skeffington. True, the film's insights are far from profound; Mrs. Skeffington's absorption in the state of her epidermis comes to us as a personal idiosyncracy and not as a social symptom, but in the end the moral is well taken and well put. Self-adulation simply isn't the most rewarding kind of career for an adult.

In the course of the picture's unwinding we span some twenty-six years of history —1914-1940. At the outset Miss Davis, a bankrupt socialite, marries the Jewish banker Skeffington (Claude Rains). Her purposes are dual and, needless to say, love for her husband is not one of them. Her first consideration is meeting the beauty parlor bills and then there is the matter of keeping her brother—who has a way with other people's money—out of jail. Unfortunately for Miss Davis, said brother is not only an embezzler but a confirmed

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anti-Semite and will have none of Mr. Skeffington's bounties. She would have him at her side, but to no avail. It's the Lafayette Escadrille for him. When the news comes of his death Davis can only feel that fate has dealt her a bad hand. And of course, who is to blame but Mr. Skeffington and his unassimilated forebears? Mind you, none of this is too plainly spoken, but an audience must be blind indeed that would not detect the brother's fascist mentality.

All in all, this is an interesting film. Character study is still too rare a phenomenon in Hollywood movies for this reviewer to cry halt so early in the game.

"Taxi to Heaven," produced at the Central Art Film Studios, USSR, scenario by Eugene Petrov and directed by Herbert Rappaport, is a minor but pleasing musical comedy exercise patterned in mood and manner after *Musical Story* and *Spring Song*. Although by no means as successfully engineered as the latter two I can recommend it without misgivings. Its chief faults can be laid to a rather sketchy and makeshift production. Of verve, even bumptiousness, however, there is plenty.

United Artists' *It Happened Tomorrow* will do you no harm. By actual clock it registers a respectable number of chuckles. But there is a dime-a-dozen lack of distinction about the proceedings that frankly surprises me when I consider that no less than Rene Clair (*Le Million, Sous les Toits, Ghost Goes West, I Married a Witch*, etc.), was the directorial hand at the helm.

Dick Powell, neophyte reporter who has still to experience the ecstacy of his first by-line, leaps into sudden fame and embarrassment when a deceased acquaintance of his supplies him with tomorrow's edition of the newspaper he works for. He's thereby enabled to anticipate events and prepare his copy twenty-four hours in advance (any deadline slave will appreciate the convenience). And naturally, pick the winners at Pimlico, or it may have been Louisville or neither. From there on, write your own ticket. You can't be far wrong. Little enough ingenuity has been vouchsafed the development and incidents of the plot. (No insult to the reader intended. *You* don't get paid for plots.) To repeat: there's some fun in the business, but forget for the present occasion Mr. Clair's more imaginative essays in film entertainment.

James McClough.

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